THE
NATION

SEPTEMBER 27, 1958 . . 25c

At the U.N.

STAND-BY PEACE FORCE — *William R. Frye*

WORLD PROBLEMS: TOWN BUDGET — *Gerard J. Mangone*

•

THE TEAMSTER — *Kermit Eby and Martha Smith*

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

The 24" Teacher

Dear Sirs: It is disappointing to find *The Nation* on the side of academic conservatives who can only write off educational television as a "gadget" ["Gadget for Students," *The Nation,* September 6, p. 102]. Undoubtedly the first printed textbook was greeted in the same way. No one would claim that reading a Platonic dialogue is the same as, or better than, confronting Socrates face-to-face. But when Socrates is no longer around, a Platonic dialogue is better than no Socrates at all. So too, if our students are not getting the instruction they should, or are not getting instruction from our very limited supply of good teachers, then TV can help out.

While there are enthusiasts who claim too much for ETV (educational TV), the majority of those who have worked with it know that it is no cure-all, and it is certainly not going to run away with education. ETV has different applications in different situations, and it is by no means universally applicable. ETV can bring education to more people with little or no diminution in quality from conventional methods. In some cases it can even raise the quality of instruction. While ETV does replace the face-to-face teaching situation, a good teacher with a good TV crew can do much to make up for it. And it might be possible that the student will gain more from instruction by the really good teacher on TV than from the mediocre instruction he now very often receives in the face-to-face situation.

As with any other teaching resource (including the teacher), ETV can be used well or poorly. Turning our backs upon it will not help one damned bit.

THOMAS ROBISCHON
Assistant Professor of Philosophy
American International College
Springfield, Mass.

The Forgotten State

Dear Sirs: With deep appreciation to Guy Daniels for his "Post-Mortem on San Francisco" in your August 2 issue, I still have a mighty big crow to pick with him. When *Flame* is placed like a tongue in the cheek at the end of the list of very excellent publications fighting in the same war, we rise out of the ashes to declare that in point of priority, a great injustice has been done to the Lone Star Empire, in which this rebellion was born under the very walls of the Alamo.

As evidence thereof, we quote in part from an editorial in the November-December, 1949, issue of *Different,* predecessor to *Flame* and pre-dating most of the other publications mentioned. This editorial states our convictions at that time on the subjects covered by Mr. Daniels, as common to the publications which have "taken up arms against a sea of troubles." We have had no occasion to change them, and happened to foresee what might be expected, somewhat in advance of the California manifesto. Not that it matters who gets the credit, so long as the job is done and we have no quarrel with California except that it is there. But Texas never gets credit for anything. (Note: The Avalon movement, sponsored by *Different* and *Flame,* was founded in San Antonio in 1940.)

LILITH LORRAINE
San Antonio, Texas

Nightmare

Dear Sirs: The question bothering me these evenings: does Arkansas have the H-bomb?

C.H. RICHARDSON
Altadena, California

Free Theatre in Ireland

Dear Sirs: On June 9, the theatre in Ireland won an important victory over censorship. Captain Alan Simpson, director of the Pike Theatre, was discharged from court for lack of a prima facie case. After refusing to amend a play at the order of the police, he had been charged with giving performances at his theatre that were obscene and profane. The play in question was Tennessee Williams' *The Rose Tattoo.* . . .

The case, before the courts for over a year . . . was presented before the High Court and the Irish Supreme Court, as well as a District Court, without ever coming to trial. The results were a triumph over the first attempt ever made by the Irish police to censor a stage presentation — and a heavy burden of debt for the Pike Theatre. Costs amounting to £2500 ($7,000) were not awarded. To date £200 has been raised. . . .

Under the management of Captain Simpson and Miss Carolyn Swift, the Pike has presented to Dublin and the world the first productions of several new playwrights, including Ireland's most impressive new dramatist, Brendan Behan. They were the first company to do Samuel Beckett's *Waiting For Godot* in English. As well as offering plays that have gone on to impress audiences in New York and London, the Pike has presented excellent contemporary writers. . . .

Contributions towards the $6,440 needed may be sent to the Secretary, The Pike Theatre Fund, 22 East 89 Street, New York 28, N.Y.

THE PIKE THEATRE FUND

ERIC BENTLEY — EDWARD MULHARE
PADRAIC COLUM — FRANK O'CONNOR
DENIS JOHNSTON — KEVIN SULLIVAN
VIVIAN MERCIER — DERK KINNANE (Secretary)

New York City

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

161 ●

ARTICLES

164 ● At the United Nations: 1. Stand-By Police Force by WILLIAM R. FRYE

166 ● 2. World Problems: Town Budget by GERARD J. MANGONE

169 ● The Teamster by KERMIT EBY and MARTHA SMITH

171 ● Faces of Spain: 1958 by DAN WAKEFIELD

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

174 ● The Literature That Freed Itself by GLEB STRUVE

175 ● Hazard of the Sea by RAMON GUTHRIE

175 ● The Pure Passion (poem) by DILYS LAING

176 ● A Very Imaginative Man by LOUIS DUPREE

176 ● Between Worlds (poem) by LOUIS O. COXE

178 ● Music by LESTER TRIMBLE

178 ● Last Resource (poem) by KATHERINE HOSKINS

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 180) by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
Maurice Grosser, Art
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Lester Trimble, Music

Alexander Werth, European Correspondent

Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

The Nation, Sept. 27, 1958. Vol. 187, No. 9

The Nation, published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1958, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Prices Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian $1.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1958
VOLUME 187, NUMBER 9

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Troubles of Faubus

That Governor Faubus will win the Little Rock integrationist-segregationist plebiscite can hardly be doubted, especially as he has taken the precaution of moving up the election date, thus allowing ten days less for sober second thought. But, in the longer view, Faubus and the other segregationist leaders are wading into a sea of troubles.

One factor which has received little publicity so far is the matter of school-revenue bonds. In general, school and other municipal loans, carrying an interest rate scarcely higher than savings-bank accounts, are an attractive investment only becouse of income-tax exemption features and because they offer almost the same degree of security as government bonds. But this is true only as long as the schools are used for their intended purpose and are supported by the credit of the communities which they were built to serve. If the schools are closed, or are involved in litigation, the security of the bonds is undermined. What may happen in any particular case will depend on the terms of the indenture, but disagreeable financial repercussions are likely and certainly the market for Southern school bonds will hardly boom under the conditions Faubus and his coworkers have created.

The Eisenhower Administration is probably wise in avoiding precipitate action, on the theory that the forces of sanity will gradually take effect. No one can gain by the closing of the schools except juvenile delinquents, demagogues looking for the easiest way of cadging votes, and the minority which puts white supremacy above all things. The mundane considerations of daily living are all on the side of moderation and compromise. Much as they love their children, mothers normally look forward to the beginning of the school term: the wear and tear of housework is less if the house is empty part of the day. The children themselves, as indicated by TV polls, regard an indefinitely prolonged vacation with misgivings. Even youthful segregationists say openly that when it comes to a choice between no schooling and going to school with Negroes, they prefer the latter. Students preparing for college are worried about accreditation. Most teachers like to teach, and all are interested in their pensions. Time is not on the side of those who have hit on this technique for defying the Supreme Court.

But the greatest blow to segregation could have been dealt by the Little Rock school board when it decreed that if the classrooms were closed, the athletic fields must be closed also. Governor Faubus accuses the Presbyterian clergy of being brainwashed by leftists and Communists. The school board was much more obviously infiltrated. What's a high school without a football team? Without a basketball team? Unhappily, according to some reports the board has succumbed to pressure and rescinded its ban on football. If so, white supremacy has the ball—temporarily.

At the United Nations

Thanks largely to the wise and timely leadership of Representative A. S. J. Carnahan (D., Mo.) the stage is set for an advance in the American position on the interrelated issues of the "peace force" and the budget at this year's session of the General Assembly. In the closing days of the last session of Congress, Mr. Carnahan managed to secure concurrence in H. R. 373, a skillfully drawn resolution subsequently approved by both the Senate and House, which states it to be "the sense of the Congress" that the General Assembly should give immediate consideration "to the development, within its permanent structure, of such organizations and procedures as will enable the United Nations promptly to employ suitable forces for such purposes as observation and patrol in situations that threaten international peace and security." The report that accompanied the resolution takes note of the fact that while the entire membership of the U.N. should contribute to the cost of a peace force, some arrangement for apportioning the costs "other than including them in the United Nations budget" may be equitable. In effect, this commits Congress not merely to supporting the peace-force proposal, but to backing it financially by a contribution con-

SEP 25 '58
PR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ceivably based on a ratio other than that now used to determine our share of the general budget. In this issue, articles by William R. Frye and Gerard J. Mangone (pages 164-169) state the case for the peace force and for an adequate budget in terms that, we submit, are unanswerable. In terms of strengthening the United Nations — and who at the moment does not want to see it strengthened? — these are the critical issues facing the General Assembly at the 13th session.

And Now Mexico?

On returning from the theatre to his home in Mexico City at midnight on September 6, Bernard Blasenheim, an American citizen, was met by three government detectives and told that he must accompany them at once to Estacion Migratoria, a detention lock-up for immigration cases. Held incommunicado, without warrant or charges, for some seventy-two hours, he was finally placed aboard an airliner and flown to San Antonio, Texas, where he deplaned, without baggage, in the clothes he had been wearing on the night of his arrest, and with the equivalent of eight American dollars in his pocket. Mr. Blasenheim had lived in Mexico for eight years and enjoyed the status of *imigrado* or permanent resident; married, the father of three Mexican-born children, he is a successful builder of homes, factories and office buildings and a well-known member of the American community. Seized at the same time and deported under similar circumstances were Alan Lewis, the playwright-director, and John Bright, the novelist and scenario-writer. So far as is known only these three, of numerous Americans, Spaniards and others who were arrested as part of the same dragnet raids, were deported. To this date the deportees have been given no explanation for the summary action nor have they been presented with any accusations or charges. All that is known is that the raids were ordered by a decree of President Adolfo Ruiz Cortines and apparently were part of a curious and rather clumsy plan to find "scapegoats" for the recent upsurge of strikes and other labor disturbances in Mexico City. In itself the incident is not of major importance. But few governments have a more consistent or honorable record in respecting human rights than the Republic of Mexico. Our confidence that this tradition will reassert itself is still strong, but we must confess that it is shaken to the extent that some public explanation for the harsh action taken in these recent arrests and deportations is clearly in order.

Oil in Politics

Archie D. Gray, senior vice president of Gulf Oil Corporation, has announced that "if we are to survive" the corporation must counter labor's political power by entering politics. His statement reads: "For many years Gulf, together with most other American corporations, has been so busily engaged in business activities that politics has been ignored. Whether we want to be there or not, Gulf and every other American corporation is in politics, and we must either start swimming or drown." The tone of desperation is unmistakably genuine; but why? We hadn't realized that labor was *that* powerful. Could it be that Gulf Oil, which owns half of the Kuwait Oil Company — British Petroleum Co., Ltd., owns the other half—is really concerned with the international politics of oil more than domestic labor politics? Kuwait is the largest Middle East oil producer, with a production of 1.3 billion barrels a day; it is the fourth largest producer in the world. And if Gulf is just now to enter politics, what has it been doing all these years? The Gore committee report on the 1956 election campaign shows that $87,550 was contributed to the Republican Party by officials of Gulf Oil. The list included contributions of $33,000 by Richard K. Mellon, $29,500 by Alan Mellon Scaife, $19,750 by Donaldson Brown and his wife (Mr. Brown was one of the contributors to the funds raised among Eastern Republicans to distribute the Joe Kamp smear-Reuther letter in California). If Gulf Oil officials "ignore" politics when they contribute $87,550 to one party in a single campaign, what inference do they want the public to draw as to the sums they now propose to spend?

Autumn Leaves

Twenty-four hours before the United Auto Workers signed a three-year contract with the Ford Motor Company, the Detroit *Free Press,* foreshadowing the course of negotiations, came out with a dramatic and forceful editorial denouncing the clumsy attempt to smear Walter Reuther through the use of the Joe Kamp pamphlet in California by certain personnel involved in Senator Knowland's campaign. As though to emphasize the point, John S. Bugas, the chief Ford negotiator, interrupted the bargaining sessions to issue a statement defending Reuther and blasting Kamp. All sides seem to have come off fairly well in the settlement. The union bargained three years of industrial peace for some slight improvement in pensions, a better deal for skilled workers and other minor improvements. The company gained public prestige by negotiating a fair arrangement with the union in a sluggish sales season. For the nation, the settlement is good news on several counts, but most particularly because it is an assurance, if one were needed, that management in the auto industry is not at all enchanted by the Joe Kamp style of labor-baiting which was once indigenous to Detroit. In the auto industry, at least, there is little prospect of a return to the obstructive labor-baiting tactics of the 1930s. By this time even Senator Knowland, battling the ghost of FDR in California's fifty-one counties, must sense which way the autumn leaves are falling.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The E-D-L Story

It is not true, as some critics have asserted, that Americans are ill-informed. They are very well informed. But on what?

If the proverbial man from Mars had followed the headlines of the Los Angeles papers in the first week of September, he could reasonably have concluded that the most important events in the world were taking place on Quemoy and Matsu. But if he had stayed around another week he would very likely have gained the impression that three new islands had been added to the danger zone: Eddie, Debbie and Liz.

From September 9 through September 13, the four Los Angeles papers — *Times, Examiner, Mirror-News* and *Herald-Express* — devoted 572 column-inches and thirty photos (counting only one edition of each paper a day) to a private affair involving entertainers Eddie Fisher, Debbie Reynolds and Elizabeth Taylor. Although the China situation — all aspects of it, including Eisenhower's speech in full, international and domestic reaction to that speech, and the Eisenhower-Khrushchev exchange — drew 49 per cent more space (although getting only one-third the photos), the E-D-L story had 20 per cent more coverage than segregation and the Supreme Court, the third top-ranking story.

During the thick of the fray, the Eddie-Debbie-Liz triangle overshadowed everything; Quemoy and Matsu receded into the far horizon, like the setting sun in a Burton Holmes travelogue. Only the Eisenhower speech returned the Formosa cauldron to the headlines. Without it, Eddie, Debbie and Liz would have had the world to themselves, so far as the readers of the Los Angeles dailies were concerned.

From I. C. C. to N. Y. C.

Robert W. Minor, the youngest man (thirty-eight) ever named to the Interstate Commerce Commission, has been tapped for a vice presidency by the New York Central. For Mr. Minor the appointment is distinctly a promotion: from $20,000 to $50,000 a year. Press releases announcing the appointment tell us that last year was a busy one for the I. C. C. Among other cases, the commission heard twenty-one involving the New York Central. This coming year it will be even busier. Under the Transportation Act of 1958, which the I.C.C. helped lobby through Congress, the ultimate authority long exercised by state regulatory agencies to compel common carriers to operate local services, even at a loss, will be seriously undercut. In the future the I. C. C. will have the final word in abandonment proceedings. Once a line is abandoned, of course, there is very little authority that a state commission can exercise over it. More remote than the state body from local political pressures, the I. C. C. will be much more inclined to approve abandonments. In brief, the stage has now been set for a harsh squeeze on commuters who, threatened with cessation of services they regard as vital, can be counted on to step up local pressures for state subsidies or tax concessions, or both, for the railroads.

Mr. Minor's appointment serves to remind us that the key issue in the regulatory agencies has always been the relationship between the regulators and the regulated. And, by the way, whatever happened to that investigation of the regulatory agencies? It would be a pity if, in the glare and noise of the Goldfine-Adams explosion, the investigation petered out. Unlike the New York Central, Congress can abandon an important public service without formal approval.

The Right Age

We suggest that our current belligerent stance toward the Red Chinese constitutes a strong argument for admitting them to the United Nations. If they're old enough to fight, they're old enough to vote!

Footnotes

For the benefit of the press as well as our readers, we should like to append three footnotes to David Cort's article on the effect of DDT sprays on plant and wild life ("The Pesticide That Came to Dinner," *The Nation,* April 12, 1958).

1. *The New York Times* reports, September 13, 1958, that the use of DDT sprays has seriously affected reproduction among quail and is probably responsible for the equally serious decline of that noblest of birds, the American bald eagle.

2. *The New York Times* reports, September 18, 1958, a drastic reduction in the number of small land birds on Long Island this summer in precisely those areas in which the controversial DDT spraying took place last year as part of the wicked campaign, described by Mr. Cort, to eliminate the gypsy moth.

3. Jack Denton Scott reports, New York *Herald Tribune,* September 18, 1958, that an American ecologist, back from a field trip to South America, has found that Argentine scientists regard the fire ant as beneficial because its food is largely composed of harmful insects. According to Mr. Scott, the "control program" aimed at eliminating the fire ant in certain Southern states would also eliminate about 75 per cent of the bird and animal population present in the areas to be sprayed. At the moment Alabama officials are urging all Southern states to insist on a comprehensive research program before the federal government goes forward with the fire-ant control program.

Mr. Cort is not the first journalist to discover that the cure is often worse than the disease, but he deserves high marks for bringing this issue into the open well in advance of his colleagues.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the United Nations

1. STAND-BY POLICE FORCE . . *by William R. Frye*

United Nations

ONE OF the less spectacular but nonetheless important issues before the current session of the United Nations General Assembly is whether or not to set up machinery for a permanent stand-by peace force—that is, whether to equip a toothless U.N. with a long-needed set of upper and lower plates.

This particular dental operation, curiously enough, is as uncomfortable in prospect, at least to some of the eighty-one U.N. patients, as its counterpart might be in the realm of physical dentistry. Despite the urgent need for it felt by many, there is hesitancy, doubt, fear of the cost, and not a little outright opposition.

What is being proposed is not a fighting force, capable of meeting and suppressing aggression—even small-scale aggression by a tiny power. The world is nowhere ready for genuine collective security; no country, with a very few possible exceptions, is ready to promise that it will send its manpower to war at the direction of an international organ.

Something much more modest is involved. It is a force which would symbolize the moral authority of the United Nations, as does the present U.N. Emergency Force (UNEF) in Egypt; and even that would not be an actual force-in-being. The most that advocates ask is that the Assembly formally request member states to set aside, within their own armed forces, manpower for use in such a force if called for; and that the thousand-and-one advance preparations be made for its prompt mobilization and assignment.

The need for stand-by arrangements has been demonstrated a number of times in the past decade, but never more dramatically than in the Near East crisis this summer. Lebanon illustrated the truism that the existence of machinery for peacemaking renders much more likely a political decision to use it. The necessity to improvise from scratch is a powerful deterrent to effective action.

What emerged from improvisation in the Lebanese case was an observer team of scant numbers with even more scant authority. Like UNEF, it was put together and set to work on the assumption that it could not operate without the consent and cooperation of everyone with whom it came in contact. In the case of UNEF, this was a viable, if restricting, hypothesis; both Israel and Egypt had reasons to cooperate. But in the case of the U.N. Observer Group in Lebanon (UNOGIL), this assumption rendered the operation very nearly pointless. It was asking too much of human nature to expect that people whose illegal activities were to be observed would cooperate to let the U.N. observe them.

Evidence of UNOGIL's impossible position appears on almost every page of its reports. When fired upon, the observers had to withdraw, making what UNOGIL called a "providential escape"; roads could not be patrolled at night, whole areas of the border were inaccessible, suspicious activities could be seen from a distance but not investigated on the spot, robbers and outlaws made patrolling perilous, etc., etc. No one could read these reports carefully without concluding that the observers needed small arms, at the very least, to guard against theft and assault, plus armored vehicles, mine-detecting equipment and other elementary means of self-protection. Weeks passed before UNOGIL obtained sufficient observation aircraft.

DESPITE THIS graphic experience, a number of U.N. delegates still resist the idea of preparing a force and giving it light arms. Some, such as India, have reasons of national interest to shy away; the Indians fear that the existence of a peace force might tempt the Assembly to send it to Kashmir, as Pakistan has asked. Others, notably the Soviet bloc, are opposed on principle, not wanting the U.N.'s peacemaking ability enhanced. Moscow apparently worries lest a peace force might become, one day, the nucleus of a U.N. army. However, the Kremlin let UNOGIL be created and was prepared at one stage to see it strengthened. In specific instances and for special purposes, the Soviet Union may be prepared to go along.

The opposition which is taken most seriously comes from Latin Americans and others, who dread the day when the bill must be paid; and from anti-colonials who are afraid that a peace force might be used to keep unpopular regimes in power or to suppress colonial revolts. They see Lebanon and Jordan as indications that their fears are justified.

THE FINANCIAL qualms are understandable. Hammarskjold has been hard-pressed to find the money for UNEF. (UNOGIL was financed out of special funds already in hand.) The bills amount to less than $25,000,000 a year, but even this has not been raised [see page 166]. But this is not a valid argument against a stand-by force on paper. Costs would not be severe until it became a force in being, and the Assembly could weigh operating costs against need each time an occasion arose for mobilization. Meanwhile, the men would stay at home, in armies maintained and paid for by their own governments.

The objection that a force might be used to suppress colonial revolts confuses the instrument of policy with the policy itself. The Security Council or the General Assembly would decide in each instance the purposes for which the force would be used. It is hard to see how the anti-colonials could lose control over

---

WILLIAM R. FRYE, U.N. correspondent for the Christian Science Monitor, *is the author of* A United Nations Peace Force *(Oceana Publications, 1957).*

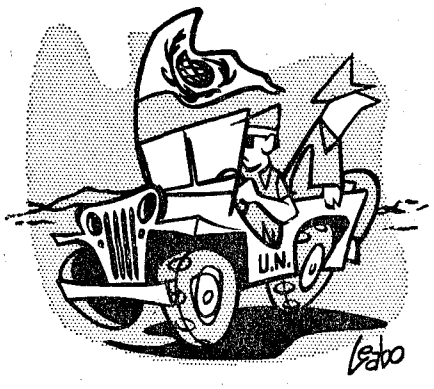
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

such matters. They have well over the one-third of the votes necessary to block Assembly action, and in the Security Council, the Soviet Union, with its veto, is always ready —indeed, eager—to champion their cause.

Without spending more than a few hundred thousand dollars, mostly for salaries, the U.N. could set up a stand-by peace force. States could set aside troops for use as U.N. units, and a staff of officers at U.N. headquarters could coordinate the pledges. If without advance planning U.N. troops could be mobilized in days, with careful planning it could be done in hours. A pledged force might be made almost as readily available as one in being. Indeed, under some circumstances, it could be even more readily available. Troops earmarked by Yugoslavia, for example, and held in readiness near Belgrade, might get to a crisis area in the Middle East faster than U.N. troops stationed in New York. Such a force would be more flexible, more easily adapted to circumstances, than one in being.

THE advance preparation, however, would have to be careful and thorough. As Hammarskjold has indicated in a special report, UNEF experience has taught many valuable lessons in this respect, and should be used as the starting point. In the early days of the Egyptian crisis, it would have been extremely useful to have known, for example, where armored reconnaissance troops could be found; which countries had large transport aircraft capable of ferrying not only men but vehicles across the Mediterranean Sea; where a staging area like Capodichino could be had on short notice; which Asian countries (known to be particularly acceptable to Egypt) would be prepared to contribute infantry; where engineers, ordnance men, medics, etc., could be found, and how many would be needed; how large an overall force would be required to do the job envisaged—insofar as any precise job was envisaged at that stage. Steps such as these would have smoothed over many other practical and political problems, and probably would have cut in half the time required to get UNEF on the ground in Egypt.

Admittedly, it is not easy to get advance promises of cooperation. Few, if any, governments are willing to pledge themselves to send their men anywhere the General Assembly may ask, at any time, for any purpose the Assembly may consider wise, even if the men are not likely to have to fight. Countries making such a commitment might find themselves, when the time came, faced with the alternatives of reneging on their promise or taking action they considered against their own national interest. The world community has not yet reached the point (despite



high-sounding phrases in the U.N. Charter) where all use of force, for whatever purpose, is regarded as necessarily bad. However, a substantial number of governments might be willing to promise that, if they agreed with an Assembly decision to dispatch a peace force, they would contribute a certain number of troops for certain kinds of duties, and that meanwhile they would hold them in readiness for such a purpose.

It would be easier to get many countries to earmark troops if they knew in advance what their gesture of international-mindedness might cost them in cash. Of course, no one can forecast the specific nature and dimensions of a crisis, but the division of financial responsibility between the U.N. and the contributing country could be defined.

Still another related subject, to be clarified if possible, is the formula for sharing the U.N.'s share of the costs among member nations. These costs ideally should be shared by everyone on the same scale as the regular budget; but for any operation the size of UNEF or larger, the United States and a few other countries would in practice almost certainly have to bear more than their normal share, because many small and/or underdeveloped countries simply could not afford to add substantially to their present U.N. contribution.

AN AREA in which detailed advance planning certainly could be made is logistics. It should not be necessary another time, as it was in the case of UNEF, to telephone around the world seeking berets which could be dyed blue, or for vital rations to depend so largely on the accidental proximity of American supply depots. Those organizing the force should either have food and uniforms on hand, in rented depots, or should know where these things could be found and transported quickly. It would be useful, too, to know—for example—that Indian troops do not like Egyptian rice, and that Indonesians do not have winter clothing as part of their regular equipment. A certain amount of elementary strategic and tactical planning also would be desirable. Various maps and data on climatic conditions, for example, could come in handy. How should a police force have been equipped for use in protecting Tibet from Red China in 1950—and how could it have best gotten to the scene? Very little time would have been available to find out after a call for help.

Advance provision should be made for a headquarters and commander. It was a happy accident in November, 1956, that a commander for UNEF, with a ready-made staff, was available in the immediate crisis area. The next crisis might not be so conveniently located. A small pool of trained personnel ready to be flown to a danger spot immediately might also serve a highly useful purpose. A very few—a comparative handful—might be enough. The first estimate of probable UNOGIL strength was around 100. The physical presence of only ten observers in the Egyptian no-man's land in 1956, with U.N. insignia, flags, armbands, etc., had a remarkable psychological effect, according to eye-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

witnesses, calming the atmosphere and giving promise of fuller U.N. intervention to come.

UNEF has proved that there can be a severe problem of morale with men whose duties are routine and who are stationed far from normal entertainment. The glamour of a U.N. armband can wear off very quickly for a man who has to patrol a barren desert in 100-degree heat and sandstorms, and has nothing to look forward to when he is off duty except poker and shooting craps on a blanket in his tent. Some of the UNEF troops found beaches; a few soccer balls and chess sets occupied others; but it was not nearly enough. Officers discovered that the men were fraternizing with Israeli WACs across the demarcation line, a practice which could have undesirable political as well as other implications. A leave center ultimately was set up, and men rotated to it once every six months. Professional show people from the United States and elsewhere were enlisted, on a volunteer basis, to come and entertain. But it was all begun much too long after the men arrived. It simply had not occurred to U.N. headquarters that redheads and baseball bats were essential parts of the operation.

THE POWER of a United Nations force, as here envisaged, would lie less in its rifles than in its armbands; it would represent the moral authority of the United Nations.

Among the useful functions such a force could undertake would be to stabilize precarious armistices, deter aggressions, supervise plebiscites and help administer disputed territory. It could do a hundred other jobs which could all be classified as helping to prevent small wars. It could do this by harnessing a power the possibilities of which the world has scarcely begun to exploit: the power of world opinion, the moral judgment of mankind. Few, if any, governmental leaders choose to stand up for very long against this force. Even the men in the Kremlin have begun to show themselves sensitive to it, though by no means in the same degree as popularly-elected rulers. This power is the essence of the United Nations' peacemaking potential at the present stage of world development and anything which helps to channel and dramatize it strengthens the U.N. to a measurable extent.

2. World Problems: Town Budget . . *by Gerard J. Mangone*

FOR ABOUT one cent — or a stick of chewing gum — a week, every American hopes to promote international peace and security through the United Nations. This princely per capita sum represents this country's support of the eighty-one-member international organization, eight U.N. specialized agencies, one international technical assistance program, four international relief programs, and a world court.

Silver-throated statesmen, here and abroad, eulogize the United Nations; scholars cagily analyze by document and citation the daily achievements of the Security Council or the General Assembly; and soft-hearted ladies from Auckland to Altoona form hot-coffee councils to nod with smiling approbation on the need for more international cooperation through the U.N. All this goes without saying — and without money.

In its twelve years of existence, the U.N. has been pledged to some of the most splendid ambitions of mankind: the raising of living standards throughout the world, the encouragement of human rights, the codification of international law and, of course, the settlement of international disputes by peaceful means. Five years ago, the annual budget of the U.N. itself was a mere $49.3 million; in 1958, it was estimated at $54.8 million, to which the United States will contribute about one-third — or the price of two bombers. Henry Cabot Lodge has said that the U.N. stands before the world as an agency for peace and justice "of great and growing influence." But the cash available to the organization is about one-fortieth of the annual budget for New York City.

In its formative years, the U.N. was a combined conference and administrative agency. It acted both as a forum for airing problems and a shop for organizing data. But year after year, pressed by headlong world events, the imaginative people who move quietly through the great carpeted halls overlooking New York City's East River began to operate substantial programs in refugee and children's relief, as well as technical assistance, and they boldly established the first international peace force. Strengthening the United Nations in the long run is going to depend upon the development of international programs and agencies which respond directly to the needs of the world community of states.

But the U.N. humanitarian programs to help displaced Arabs, Koreans and Hungarians have lacked adequate funds; requests for technical assistance have often been rejected because of lack of money to recruit the best experts; and the U.N. is on the verge of defaulting some obligations recently incurred as a result of the Emergency Force on the Israel-Egypt border.

Many high-minded citizens of the world, dazzled by the magnificent U.N. buildings (on land donated by a private individual) and the stream of shining rhetoric praising the principles and purposes of the organization, have no idea of how little they contribute to its operation. For example, in a year's time the cost to each American for membership in the U.N. is ten cents. He pays an additional seven cents to participate in the International Labor Organization, UNESCO and the other specialized agencies. And the sum of thirty-one cents last year was vol-

GERARD J. MANGONE, author of The Idea and Practice of World Government, *is Professor of Political Science at the Maxwell Graduate School of Syracuse University.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unteered to all the refugee relief and reconstruction funds, the children's fund, and the whole U.N. technical-assistance program. The British and the French pay even less than these pittances. It costs each Russian little more than four cents a year to belong to the United Nations.

AFTER TWELVE years of post-war reconstruction and seven years of technical assistance, the wealth of the world is still maldistributed. Today, as the General Assembly meets to discuss the greatest challenges to world peace, the unfortunate contrast between the size, productive capacity and living standards of the member states is more evident than ever. Assessments to the regular budget of the U.N. are based upon national incomes. Fifty-six per cent of the entire U.N. budget is still paid by only three countries — the United States, the Soviet Union and Great Britain. The balance is shared by seventy-eight other states of the world.

But the one U.N. program which has been brilliantly dramatized as a means of raising living standards in economically underdeveloped countries is in difficult straits. Last December the General Assembly, in an official resolution, noted with concern that the resources available to the expanded program of technical assistance in 1958 might prove to be less than those available in 1957. It appealed to the participating governments to examine the consequences of the situation and to consider the possibility of increasing their contribution to the program.

The United States spends ten times as much on its own technical-assistance program as it does on the U.N. program. And it spends two hundred times more on military assistance and defense support to foreign nations than it gives to the U.N. technical-assistance program. Yet a United States Government spokesman recently remarked, "The United Nations Expanded Program of Technical Assistance goes to the very heart of the problem of economic development. It is for this reason one of the most satisfying aspects of our efforts in the United Nations." Such contrast between word and deed exists that the United States has been seeking to *cut* its contribution to the program.

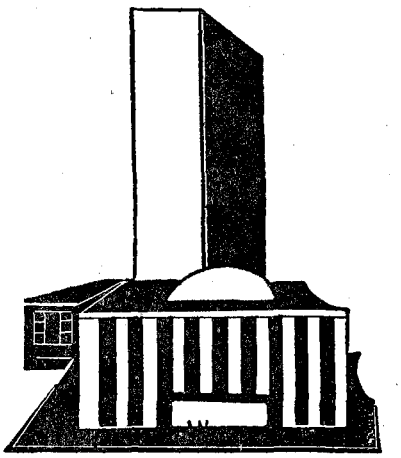
While it is true that the United States is the largest single contributor ($15.5 million) to the U.N. technical-assistance program, on a per capita basis Denmark, Canada, Norway and Sweden give more. It is clear that the United States Congress would like to see other states, particularly the Soviet Union (which contributed only $1 million to the U.N. program in 1957) assume a larger percentage of the financial need. For this reason, Congress has moved to reduce the American share from about 45 per cent in 1958 to 38 per cent in 1959 to 33⅓ per cent in 1960.

But to skimp on this vital program out of pique against the Soviet Union is absurd; and penny-pinching an international organization that can carry forward technical assistance without the bias of imperialism which many countries attach to unilateral American programs is extremely short-sighted.

THE U.N.'s technical-assistance program is no giveaway. Every nation which requests an expert to help its economic and social development must pay a contribution toward his living expenses while he is on the mission and must provide him with the secretarial help, transportation and interpreting aid required for his work. Moreover, each receiving government is expected to furnish a counterpart national to work with the expert side by side and thereby guarantee the local continuity of a program at the end of the U.N. mission.

Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold has long recognized the pressing need for another kind of technical assistance: namely, the existence of an international pool from which governments could recruit officials for national executive jobs. Many young or untrained governments in Asia, Africa or Latin America badly need executive-administrative cadres to staff their key offices, to build backbone and fibre within their governments, not just collaborate as an expert outside them. This is a bold scheme. But again words and deeds are hardly reconciled.

Last July the Technical Assistance Committee in Geneva recommended to the General Assembly, now meeting in New York, that the Secretary General be empowered to help governments who wish to obtain qualified personnel to perform temporary functions of an administrative or executive character. Nineteen nations on the committee voted in favor of this recommendation, none against, and only four abstained. Numerous other governments supported the proposal and none opposed it. The reason for this cheerful unanimity about a truly progressive idea is awkwardly apparent, for not only is this program to be tried on a limited and experimental basis, but *"without increasing administrative expenses."*



THE PLIGHT of the refugee funds is in many ways more tragic. As early as September, 1951, the International Refugee Organization was choked off without provision for some 400,000 persons still displaced by war or political upheaval. Instead, the U.N. appointed a High Commissioner for Refugees, stripped of operating powers, to provide liaison among governments, voluntary agencies and refugees. When, in desperation for funds, the High Commissioner was authorized by the General Assembly to seek voluntary contributions in 1952, he set a goal of $3 million — and collected only $800,000. A timely and generous grant from the Ford Foundation mitigated the international shame

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of thousands of refugees left in miserable camps.

Today the situation is no better. In Geneva, the High Commissioner for Refugees has just reported to the Economic and Social Council that only $1.6 million out of a required $7.5 million have been collected to close the European refugee camps by 1960. Funds for the maintenance of European refugees on the China mainland while in transit to Hong Kong have been exhausted and 8,000 Hungarian refugees were still seeking to emigrate from Austria to find permanent homes.

Dame May Curwen, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the U.N. Refugee Fund, has expressed her deep distress at the shocking lack of funds for the camp-clearance part of the High Commissioner's program: "Only a little more than the price of a single jet airliner would give nearly thirty thousand old refugees, many of whom have spent a decade in camps, a chance to return to normal life."

THE U.N. International Children's Emergency Fund also looks alarmingly at its prospects for financial support in the coming year. Despite rising prices and the needs of 325 programs throughout the world to benefit children and mothers by disease control or improved child care, contributions between 1956 and 1957 increased by only $900,000. Moreover, while the United States has pledged $11 million for 1958, Washington is expecting the other eighty countries of the U.N. to pay at least 47.5 per cent of the UNICEF budget. Otherwise it will cut its contribution proportionally.

The Economic and Social Council took grave note of the UNICEF report and, of course, unanimously adopted a resolution expressing the hope that "countries all over the world will consider ways and means to increase their support of the United Nations Children's Fund." Such resolutions, while salving national conscience, make little or no bite into a host of national budgets which are more concerned with the annihilation of man than the preservation of his children.

Other relief programs of the United Nations have also been starved for funds. In every case there is a stirring affirmative vote in the General Assembly upon heartwarming resolutions, but individual states stare in cool silence before the bill collector. Authorized a goal of $266 million in 1953, the Korean Relief Agency had collected less than half that amount by the following year. And 93 per cent of the total came from four governments alone.

Once again the maldistribution of the world's wealth plagues the concerted effort needed to wage war against disease, poverty and ignorance. Less than a third of the members of the U.N. have contributed to all the voluntary aid programs which the General Assembly has endorsed. Some states have little to spare from their own distress for the relief of their neighbors. But others, either because of political obtuseness or unenlightened leadership, lag in the realization that the insecurity and illness of other nations may ultimately mean disaster for the whole world.

It is imperative that, on the one hand, the United States Congress not be discouraged in its appropriations to the U.N., its specialized agencies and the voluntary programs; and, on the other hand, that the easy profession of international good will by states in the General Assembly be backed up by cash.

LAST AND most important of the U.N. agencies hamstrung for lack of funds is the Emergency Force patrolling the Egyptian-Israel border. While the establishment of this international peace army might go down as one of the most important advances in world history, it may also wind up as a complete financial fiasco. Boldness characterized the U.N. resolutions of November, 1956, calling for a cease-fire and the withdrawal of British, French and Israeli forces from Egyptian territory. And courage marked the idea of forming a small task force from small states not involved in the Middle East dispute to establish order on the long-troubled frontier. But again the rush to resolutions and the self-satisfaction of statesmen for their loquacity in maintaining international peace were not matched by plain, ordinary money to get the job done with honor.

From November, 1956, to December, 1957, the cost of maintaining the 5,400-man U.N. Emergency Force in the Middle East was about $29 million. Another $20 million will be needed in 1958 to cover the expenses of the units from Brazil, Canada, Columbia, Denmark, India, Norway, Sweden and Yugoslavia that make up the force.

Since the posting of the emergency units, unbroken quiet has prevailed along the entire line between Egypt and Israel. So impressed are many U.N. delegates by the success of this truly international peace force that even now discussions are under way to make it a permanent institution [see page 164]. But will the states of the world be willing to pay the small premium needed for insurance against catastrophic loss?

The $20 million required to maintain the force in 1958 is considerably less than the United States alone will contribute to the relief of the Palestine refugees in one year. Nevertheless, as of July 31, sixty-two of the eighty-one members of the U.N. had made no payment against their share of the expenses of the force. In fact, thirty-three states had made no contribution whatsoever to the force since it was established in November, 1956. Put into cold cash terms, the Secretary General two months ago was $19,854,146 short of his obligations incurred as a result of bringing peace to a frightful conflict which threatened many thousands of lives, millions of dollars of commerce, and enduring bitterness.

This ironic commentary on the finances of the U.N. mocks the fancy phrases of the small-minded men who shuffle papers in the lavish council chambers of the glassy New York headquarters. If the international public debates yield nothing more than sterile, printed papers for political home consumption, the chances of building a friendly community of states are indeed dim.

For Americans, endowed in this decade with the means and op-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

portunity of strengthening peace through world cooperation and world law, our commitment to the U.N. must be beyond comparison. Harry S. Truman assured the first General Assembly that the policy of the United States was "to support the United Nations with all the resources that we possess." Today, as the thirteenth General Assembly meets in New York, the need is not less, but more. The time has come for all to put up or shut up about their tireless support of the U.N., their unswerving loyalty or sincere dedication to the principles of the Charter, and other hackneyed aberrations of truth.

The United Nations is a daring adventure, more vital than the exploration of the moon, and at a particle of the cost. If the small cluster of buildings hugging the shore of the East River is truly the hope of this generation, as so many statesmen reiterate, then big ideas should be welcomed and big money provided. There is a crying need in these cautious, crabby years for imagination and leadership. Surely the time has come to speak in billions of dollars, not millions, where the future of mankind is at stake.

THE TEAMSTER . . *by Kermit Eby and Martha Smith*

MANY MONTHS have passed since the Teamsters Union was expelled from the newly-formed AFL-CIO. Much of the sound and fury which accompanied the expulsion has now died away. Perhaps this is a good time to examine objectively the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen and Helpers Union; its boss, James Hoffa and, finally, the peculiar society which gave rise to them both.

The teamster has been called the "last of the individualists in the American labor force." The largest single group in the Teamsters Union are the truck drivers, who generally work alone. Most of the driver's time on the job is spent out of the range of immediate supervision by the employer. In most instances, he meets on the road a hostile world: traffic, police, long waits to unload and load at docks, the strain of maneuvering heavy vehicles through all kinds of weather and over all kinds of highways. If he is in the "over-the-road" classification, he is away from home for long stretches at a time.

The average educational level of the truck driver is low. But what he lacks in education, he is likely to make up in aggressiveness. He may have chosen the job in the first place as a gesture of independence from family controls. And, in the cab of a high-powered vehicle, he assumes a sense of power which he does not have in relation with the larger world. The prognosis of his economic future is blurred; one does not see old truck drivers, for the job takes its physical toll and reflexes are wont to slacken with the years. Anybody with a chauffeur's license is qualified to replace him. His social future is not much more promising; sociologists rate him in the upper lower class and as being "downward mobile" in general. In terms of marriageability, he is rated as an itinerant.

The truck driver's philosophy tends to be a temporal one: more pay *now*. But he wants to stay a truck driver (he is likely, for instance, to refuse a higher paying job in a factory). A few drivers, looking ahead, will admit that they would like to go into the hauling business for themselves, but most are vague as to what they'll do when they're too old to man their vehicles. Actually, their prospects are dim and can be related with frightening brevity: dispatching, working on the dock, an "inside job," watchman — the vocations of unskilled middle age.

INDIVIDUALIST though the teamster may be, he still wants respectability for his children — ascension from the laboring class to the white collar or professional. By and large his wages are better than those of the factory worker and he knows that this fact can in great part be attributed to his union. This brings us to the interesting question of how the teamster views his labor organization.

Because he sees his union as operative for him when he is in difficulty with employers and the police, he wants it to have "muscle" and influence. The older member sees the organization as an instrument for obtaining pension and welfare benefits. But in addition to bread-and-butter considerations, the union exerts an emotional pull. The fact that the truck driver as a worker lacks the kind of craft loyalty peculiar to the skilled tradesman cannot be discounted. For him, the term "Teamster" — with a capital T — has become a symbol to which he can attach himself. One way or another, all men need such symbols.

To the average teamster, however, it is not the international union which commands his loyalty, but the local which bargains in his behalf. The rolling abstractions in the official title of the organization are meaningless to him. He will know only the people at the lowest level of the union hierarchy — the steward and the business agent — since they are the people whom he sees when a problem arises, to whom he pays dues, to whom he turns for a job. What happens in the higher realms of the union is of minor concern; even Dave Beck, before his finaglings were revealed, meant little to the individual teamster.

No two union men have exactly the same attitude toward their union, of course, but the basic variations

KERMIT EBY, Professor of Social Science at the University of Chicago, is author of For Brethren Only, *among other works. MARTHA SMITH is an editorial assistant and free-lance writer.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are relatively few in number. According to the writers' observations and those of skilled researchers in the field, six general classifications are sufficient to cover the whole range. If we apply these classifications to the membership of a typical teamster local, we are likely to get results somewhat as follows:

(1) *"Ideological" members* operate in the union with a sense of mission. Their orientation is primarily political. Their base is outside the organization — usually in a Communist, Socialist or other left-wing organization. They are a disappearing influence in the labor movement, and are barred altogether from the Teamsters Union by constitutional provision. The writers know of no teamster local where they are present in any significant number.

(2) *The "good union man,"* like the ideological unionist, is dedicated to the organization, but has a different concept of the goals. For him, the union is a vehicle for advancing his job situation. He has no theories of social change, generally has a knowledge of the union's history and structure and is, in many cases, influential in local union affairs. His role in the Teamsters Union might be that of a full-time officer, steward, active committeeman.

(3) *The "loyal but critical" member* is in opposition to the incumbent leadership. Frequently he is a former officer seeking re-election or he is trying for the first time to break into the leadership. Teamsters elect officers once every five years. Incumbents control petty patronage and the communication lines of the organization; they are in a strategic position to develop an unbeatable machine. It is rare for changes in teamster leadership to be effected except through time and disease.

(4) *The "crisis activist"* supports the *idea* of a union, but without emotional involvement — except in emergencies. Being a teamster, he knows the strategic importance of his role. He is proud of the fact that teamster strikes are usually 100 per cent effective. He is eager to be part of an organization through which he can express his resentments toward society.

(5) *The "man in the middle"*

Drawing by Berger

James Hoffa

tends to view his work more from the employer's position. In industry, he is the skilled craftsman; in the trucking world, he is the dispatcher, with power to assign loads. He wants to maintain wage differentials in his favor between himself and the driver. Traditionally, he is a prospective supervisor.

(6) *The "card carrier"* is utterly indifferent to the union; he joined in order to get or to keep a job. Even so, in the Teamsters Union, he does not favor dissolution of the union. Possible economic reward, his pride as a truck driver, his lack of real rapport with management, create a milieu which keeps him a member.

Much of what has here been set forth is true because the teamster international has only tenuous connections with its locals. Constitutionally, the individual member's affiliation is with the local. The current trend, however, is to establish area-wide contracts. Since the international president appoints the area conference presidents, centralization of authority over contracts and over other union functions is the wave of the future in the Teamsters Union.

In any case, the evidence is strong that the individual teamster's power to effect changes in his organization is limited, even if he wanted things changed. Like many another American, he feels that he can do little to alter anything outside his immediate environment; he feels himself limited by all kinds of circumstances—income, education, or perhaps racial background. These are considerations which ought to temper our judgment when we view the teamster.

Now let us look at the short, volatile and quick-smiling Hoffa—a paragon of energy at forty-four. His record, since he began working in the labor movement at the age of eighteen, reveals a combination of competence, callousness and ambition. He has been indicted for perjury, for sponsoring hoodlums and for wire-tapping; quite possibly he will be tried in the future for income-tax evasion.

When he was seventeen, Hoffa went to work in the Kroger warehouse in Detroit for 32 cents an hour. "You hung around as long as they wanted to keep you," he said. "But you got paid for the hours you actually worked. The rest of the time you just sat around, waiting for more boxcars to come in." This was the depression period. There were 175 people in the warehouse. "I got interested in unions because we were getting kicked around," Hoffa says. "We started talking about it on the sly. We got four other people together who agreed to be leaders and we talked it up."

AT EIGHTEEN, Hoffa displayed the shrewdness that would mark his entire career.

> We had a strike at Kroger, but it lasted less than an hour. We went on strike just as a load of strawberries came in. The strike lasted only an hour because we timed it right. We notified management that we had formed an independent union, and wanted to bargain. Management showed up within an hour, because they had to get the strawberries unloaded before they spoiled.

President of the teamsters then was Dan Tobin. He was not long in recognizing Hoffa's talents and handed him the charters of moribund locals in Detroit. Hoffa began to climb. Following is his description of his early organizing campaigns:

> Our cars were bombed out. Three different times, someone broke into the office and destroyed our furniture. Cars would crowd us off the streets. Then it got worse. They hired thugs who were out to get us, and brother, your life was in your hands every day. There was only one way to survive—fight back. And we used to slug it out on the streets. They found out we didn't scare. The police were no help. They would beat your brains in for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even talking union. The cops harassed us every day. If you went on strike, you got your head broken. The whole thing didn't take months — it took years. Once I was put in jail eighteen times in twenty-four hours. This was the Crowley-Milner strike in 1939. Every time I showed up on the picket line I got thrown into jail. Every time they released me, I went back to the picket line. Eighteen times in one day it happened. But we stayed on that picket line for a year and a half, and we won the strike.

In subsequent years, while other union officials were jockeying for status in the upper echelons of the labor movement, Hoffa continued to work with the same tools he learned to use in the "strawberry" strike. He was everywhere—filling the vacuum in the organization left by Dave Beck's rise to the presidency in 1952. A grievance in North Dakota? Jimmy Hoffa went. Negotiations in Dallas? Detroit's Hoffa led the committee. A strike in Springfield, Illinois? Hoffa settled it in three hours. A wage differential of almost $1.50 between the highest and lowest paid drivers in local cartage in the Midwest? Hoffa equalized the pay. As he explains: "In many cases it meant bringing drivers up from 95 cents an hour to $2.24, in thirty months' time. It meant reducing hours from sixty a week to forty. It meant overtime after eight hours a day, instead of twelve. It meant putting into effect a health and welfare program. It meant putting into effect a pension plan where there had never been a pension plan before." As is obvious, it took organizing talent and imagination to draw up a twenty-three-state, over-the-road driver agreement. His organizing philosophy reveals that he was prudent as well as militant:

When you go out on a strike, brother, whether you are a coal heaper, a ditch digger or a truck driver of any description, you are just a picket walking up and down, and you better have a wallet behind the punch or don't swing it — one of the two. Because you are not going to win if you don't. . . . I am for five days, shorter hours, but I am not for strikes that can't be won except by sacrificing more than you gain by having the strike. . . .

Without the city cartage and the road organized in a territory, you cannot organize the rest of the city, and I make it as a flat statement. Any employer who wants to fight you in any other branch of *our business* can whip the strongest local union in the international union unless you have the support of the road and city cartage, and I don't care what kind of a strike you've got. Once you organize the road, the city, the warehouses, nobody can whip the Teamsters Union, nobody.

In the words of a labor newspaper editor, this indeed is no "ghost-written, high flying jargon that teases the imagination, but hard words stemming from the elemental fact of strategic power in the teamsters along with a leader who worked with imagination and prowess."

WHAT OF ALL this? Of course, James Hoffa is a contradiction of everything the authors have taught and tried to live. We believe that, despite the environmental pressures described in this article, Hoffa must be judged in terms of his personal, private, morals and ethics, as exhibited not only in relation to his family but in his position as a leader of labor. An honorable man would break with a situation which he finds ethically intolerable, and if he doesn't find some situations intolerable, there is something wrong with him. Explaining the social situation does not exculpate the man; the individual remains no less responsible for what he does or does not do. Nevertheless social criticism, if it is to have relevance, should be tempered by some understanding of the pressures and forces that produce a man like Hoffa and a union like the teamsters.

FACES OF SPAIN: 1958 . . *by Dan Wakefield*

Going back to Spain, as I have done three times since the Civil War, is a heartache and a joy. I had left a country of intense light and darkness, a world all black and white, like Picasso's tremendous and marvelous painting of *Guernica*. I returned to a gray, fuzzy Spain, strangely peaceful and apathetic. Almost one would think that the horrors and the pain, the glories and the exaltations, had been a dream, a vision of the past that had existed only because the heart was so profoundly moved and the mind clouded.

Herbert L. Matthews, *The Yoke and the Arrows*

FOR THOSE of us too young to have known either one firsthand, but nurtured on Hemingway's vision of the Spain of the twenties and Orwell's report from the Spain of the thirties, Spain in 1958 is a series of discoveries of death. Here as elsewhere it is the fate of my own generation to find ourselves respectful visitors at the shrines of our fathers' departed passions. *Homage to Catalonia* in hand, we search Barcelona for the spots where the bricks were torn out of the streets and built into barricades; the buildings that once bore posters proclaiming the revolution now are plastered with announcements of the coming of Britain's Tommy Steele, "El Rey de Rock 'n' Roll." *Death in the Afternoon* in hand, we are guided to the monument of Manolete, another memory. An eyewitness to this year's fiesta in Pamplona reports that when the crowds had gathered for the running of the bulls through the streets of the city there was only a band of discontented calves, and at the head of the pack of citizens to run them was a crew-cut young man in a "University of Michigan" sweatshirt. We come now not as ex-

DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

patriates or volunteers, but as tourists, and we find other tourists, buy leather wine flasks, and talk of *The Sun Also Rises*. Citizens of a fuzzy age, we play at the past of black and white.

What I can tell you of the present is only the impression of a tourist who had but a month to travel in Spain, and I must fairly warn you that Spain is a country of thirty million people and 195,000 square miles which include separate provinces as different in tone and character as the North, South, East and West are different in the United States. I was mainly in Madrid and the cities of Andalusia, the southern Spain which is the poorest and most backward part of the country.

SPAIN FOR ME began — as it begins for so many Spaniards now — in France, where I met with a group of exiles who sit in the outdoor cafes of Paris and hold the political discussions which are outlawed in their own country. The exiles as well as the tourists are burdened with the past, but in a much more serious and frustrating way, for it even now clouds their hope of the future. When I talked with three politically active exiles at the Café Flor in Paris, they forlornly explained that the interminable meetings and conventions through twenty years of talk have still produced no common political front among their factions and parties. As one of them frankly explained it, "Everyone still wants to prove he was right twenty years ago." The only agreement that cuts across all political lines is the old one that there mustn't be another civil war. I met no Spaniards who share the high hopes of some foreign journalists that Franco is ready to flee the land, and serious political discussions either inside or outside of Spain are not concerned with how to overthrow the regime but what to do when it (or, more accurately, *he*) finally dies. But the Monarchists, Socialists, Communists, Republicans, Christian Democrats and Trade Unionists (the latter two are nascent groups inside Spain which hope to be the basis for political parties when Franco dies) can only agree in their wish for something

else than this regime, but not what the something else should be.

The three men I spoke with in Paris had all been Falangists, and all are now Socialists. They find their hope for the future, as always, in the workers and the young. The periodical strikes (all strikes are illegal) and student demonstrations which have occurred off and on in Spain throughout the fifties have provided new, fleeting straws for the exiles to grasp, but are always followed by arrests and then (in the case of workers but not students) new pacifications and improvements in wages and conditions which reseal the dike. The exiles I talked with had all departed the country within the last five years and were thus more realistic about the hopes of these risings than many of the Spaniards who haven't seen the country since the Civil War and tend to look upon every new ripple as an indication of the coming of a flood.

The most recent ripples were the Barcelona strikes of this spring, for which all Spanish political parties of the Left immediately claimed credit. All seem to agree that the strikes were initiated by the Communists, but soon were seized on as a protest opportunity by workers of all shades — or no shade — of politics. Beyond this the three Socialists I talked with admitted, as one of them explained it, that when great numbers of workers joined in, "It was really no political group — it was just the workers. They needed more money. One of their leaders who was questioned by the government merely said that the men were *contra toda*—against everything."

"We are very encouraged," one of the exiles said, "by the fact that there are many new discussion groups and secret political clubs among the young. Before the war, they knew nothing but the Falange and Franco; but many of them have been abroad now, and many are discovering politics for the first time. They are discovering the old ideas, and deciding they are Socialists or Democrats or whatever."

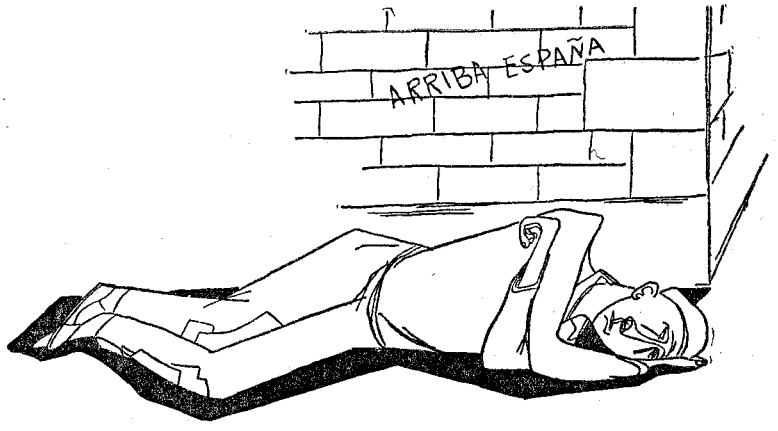
He showed me the Manifesto of one of these new groups. The document is called "The New Republic," and asks for democracy, justice, freedom, human rights, and "peaceful coexistence of all the Spaniards."

"Of course," he said, when I had read the Manifesto, "These are just small, isolated groups and it is impossible for them to keep in touch or join together in any big movement. And yet, we are glad that at least they are talking."

BUT MOST of the Spanish political talk is still to be found in France, South America, New York and Mexico, where the majority of the 500,000 exiles are flung in a diaspora twenty years old. In Spain itself the talk and the political passions that exist must be searched out, for they live, by necessity, below the surface. All political parties except the Falange are outlawed; all newspapers, magazines, books and plays are censored. But if the tourist wants to talk, the native will talk, and it is usually the talk of frustration, rather than passion, and mainly found among that minority that deals with ideas. Those who have an intellectual voice have no chance to raise it in the affairs of their country, but must sit by in silence as one man determines their fate. Even the most devoted anti-Franco partisans admit that it is not terror but frustration that results from living under the regime. A lawyer I met in Madrid explained sourly that "This is not a dictatorship — it's a bureaucracy, a means for spreading corruption. It imposes peace."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is hard, indeed, to imagine yourself in a dictatorship as you travel through Spain; but this is the reaction of a tourist, of course, and it is obviously not so hard for the students and workers who now are in prison from participating in strikes and demonstrations against the government. Yet those who defy the government's security laws are a very small minority, and it would seem the great mass of men accept the regime with the same resignation and the same complaints as they accept the weather.



THE GREAT surface of the land and the cities often convey a sense of apathy and exhaustion, but never a sense of terror and oppression. It is true that the Civil Guard and the Army are usually around wherever you go — but what an Army! It is hard to feel oppressed by these half-asleep, sloppily dressed soldiers who, with their fine mustaches and long rifles, seem like something out of our own Civil War. In Algeciras I followed one morning an Army drum and bugle corps that was leading a parade through the town in celebration of a Saint's day. They progressed, perspiring, through the narrow streets, raising dust and children as they went, stopping every few blocks to play a tune and then move on — not marching, but dragging themselves ahead in half-hearted lines. The drummer dutifully banged out the rhythm, but it was impossible for anyone to be out of step, since no one was *in* step.

The sense of a sleepy, suspended past hangs on in many forms and many places throughout the country, but it is never far from some incongruous sight that shocks you back into the modern world. Sometimes it is tourism — for that sport has grown to enormous proportions, transforming many parts of the country. ("It is the biggest invasion we have had since Napoleon," one Spaniard remarked.) In the newly "discovered" town of Torremolinos which has now become *chic* for the strangers who come to the Southern coast, donkeys line up at dusk outside the veterinarian's office, and sports cars honk past on the way to hotels. One night I went to the "old town" of Torremolinos, a quiet fishing village which is still largely "undiscovered," and walked through the dark and cavernous silence of its streets where women slept on burlap sacks, and then, at the end of the main street, began to walk faster as I heard the faint sound of music (guitars and gypsies?) and the silence was suddenly broken by a blast of *How High The Moon* from a new beach night-club.

THE SAME strange superimposition of worlds is also found in the newspapers, which report exhaustively the foreign news — atomic submarines, adventures into space — but what little current news appears of Spain is mainly concerned with the politics of the past. I read several articles and editorials deploring the British conquest of Gibraltar and asking that the English reconsider this rash move.

The censorship of the current Spanish news is complete, and yet everywhere I went, people who were concerned with such matters knew, for instance, all about the strikes in Barcelona in the spring. I asked one man in Madrid how he heard about them if nothing was published in the papers and he explained that "we get it by word of mouth, and on the radio. Usually someone has a radio that gets BBC or New York, and there is also a Russian broadcast in Spanish that we get here. If you don't have such a radio you go to a cafe and someone tells you. You learn more in the cafes than in the newspapers."

The intellectually conscious Spaniards, of course, resent this roundabout method of getting the news, and yet there are many who accept it as quite understandable, according to the government rationale. A schoolteacher in Malaga told me that "There is no censorship in Spain," and when I brought up the matter of the strikes and political news she patiently explained that "In Spain, all political parties except the Falange are outlawed. When something happens like these strikes, it is the work of the Communists, and if the papers were to print the news it would help the Communists agitate throughout the country. As it is, the government radio station tells you about it four or five days after it is over, when there is no danger. So you see, it is not really censorship, it is just for the good of the public."

There are indeed those who feel that the policies of Franco are best serving the public good, and even those who are against him are proud of the fact that their country has managed to survive "on its own" when the world was not recognizing its existence, and out of the ashes of the Civil War managed to hold itself together without external help. As for the new millions in American aid, there seems to be a reason (as there always seems to be, when it comes to American aid) for both sides to scorn it. The liberal intellectuals scorn it because they feel it has helped maintain a dictatorial regime that is staving off Spain's modern future. I met one student, who, when he learned I was an American, didn't want to talk on the grounds that my country supported Franco and Trujillo and was therefore not a democracy at all.

(Continued on page 179)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Literature That Freed Itself

FLASHES IN THE NIGHT. Edited by William Juhasz and Abraham Rothberg. Random House. 87 pp. $2.50.

THE BROKEN MIRROR. Edited by Pawel Mayewski. Random House. 209 pp. $3.50.

THE EIGHTH DAY OF THE WEEK. By Marek Hlasko. Translated from the Polish by Norbert Guterman. E. P. Dutton & Co. 128 pp. $2.75.

Gleb Struve

THE 1956 Revolution in Hungary and the so-called "Polish October," which brought Gomulka to power and initiated a period of Communist "reformism" in Poland, were spearheaded by a revolt of the intellectuals, in which writers played an important role. Of the three books here reviewed, the two collections published by Random House aim at acquainting the English-speaking reader with the contribution of the Hungarian and Polish writers to the intellectual revolt in their countries.

Flashes in the Night, the Hungarian volume, borrows its title from one of the stories, a parable by Aron Tamasi on the theme of the Flight into Egypt, set in Communist Hungary. It is a modest collection, consisting of seven short stories (the longest is sixteen pages) of rather uneven quality, by five authors. The best are one of the stories ("Love") by Tibor Dery, who was arrested during the revolt and is still apparently in prison, and the title story by Tamasi. "Love" [first published in English in *The Nation,* February 23, 1957] describes, with dramatic restraint, the return of a political prisoner, after seven years of confinement, to his wife and son. Another story tells an amusing Zoshchenko-like anecdote about a resourceful stonemason who trims up an old statue of Emperor Francis Joseph, when town officials cannot afford to commission a Kossuth monument because they have recklessly spent the public money on all sorts of celebrations. The bulk of these selections lacks literary distinction, but they all reflect the writers' determination, after a period of enforced lying, to tell the truth about life in Hungary, and to do so in the way they choose. In a speech before the Writers' Association on the eve of the revolt, Gyula Hay, a leading Communist writer who had spent twenty-five years in exile in Germany and the Soviet Union, demanded complete freedom of literature: "the writer should be entirely free to tell the truth . . . not to weigh whether light and shadow are balanced in his work . . . to describe evils without simultaneously prescribing a remedy . . . to write in an unusual literary style," and so on (this speech, together with other interesting documents, is quoted by the editors of *Flashes in the Night* in the introduction). The volume shows how some Hungarian writers responded to these elementary demands for freedom: all the stories in it were written between February and September, 1956.

The Broken Mirror is more ambitious and meaty. It opens with a short note by the editor, who says that his aim was "to let the Poles describe the reality they live in themselves," and with a ten-page introduction by Lionel Trilling. It contains both fiction and non-fiction, the former represented by two stories, "The Defense of Granada" by Kazimierz Brandys, "The New Philosophical School" by Tadeusz Rozewicz, and one play, "The Philosophers' Den" by Zbigniew Herbert. The publication of Brandys' story in January of 1956 was a literary event because the author had previously been known, not only as a staunch Communist, but also as a faithful follower of Socialist Realism; several of his works had been published in the Soviet Union. This story, practically plotless, a little confused in the narrative, and somewhat ambiguous in its message, tells of the experiences of a group of young Communist actors ("Granada" is the name of their theatre) who become involved with the makers of the party's cultural policies. Rozewicz's story offers no action whatever: it is a monologue by a contemporary young Pole who lives alone in a big Warsaw house, professes to detest his fellow human beings, but at heart longs for the human companionship that is denied him. Zbigniew Herbert is described by the editor as a relative newcomer to literature and a predominantly philosophical poet. His play is about Socrates awaiting his death in prison. Its full meaning does not become entirely clear, but it contains obvious topical allusions and makes fun of Communist ideas.

THE SOLITUDE and despair which permeate Rozewicz's story, and the intellectual questionings of Brandys' young actors are probably typical of the post-October Polish literature; they would not have been tolerated in the pre-1955 "Stalinized" period, and it was by giving free rein to such moods and inquiries that young Polish writers rebelled against party control of artistic and intellectual life. The non-fiction pieces in *The Broken Mirror* give perhaps a still better understanding of this revolt. Most of the authors were convinced Communists (some might still so describe themselves) and for quite a long time followed faithfully the Stalinist line. Wiktor Woroszylski, a young poet and journalist, and a great admirer of Mayakovsky, tells in his autobiographical "Notes for a Biography" how communism for him was "supreme poetry," how he knew "no greater joy than that of taking an active part in the struggle for the Cause." His story then becomes one of gradual disillusionment:

> Most painful to us now is the awareness of what we failed to write about because we did not understand it or see it, or simply refused to see it. . . . I am still troubled by the memory of the problems and conflicts on which we turned our backs, fallaciously assuming that only a note of fervent affirmation was worthy of the poetry of the Party, mirroring the achievements of socialist progress.

Woroszylski's senior, Pawel Hertz, speaks with the same candor in his "Recollections from the House of the Dead" (his name for the Union of Polish Writers):

> The only essential thing is the work that wasn't created, the books we didn't write, the problems we didn't solve, the intellectual theories we didn't advance, for all this undoubtedly hindered the development of literature and impoverished the moral and intellectual life of the nation.

It is interesting that Lajos Kenya, one of the young Hungarian writers quoted in the Introduction to *Flashes in the Night,* said in 1953, at the beginning

GLEB STRUVE, author of Soviet Russian Literature, *is a professor in the Department of Slavic Languages, the University of California.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the "New Course" under Imre Nagy, that what really mattered was what he had left unsaid, what he had withheld from the truth.

Woroszylski's final "undeceiving" came about in 1952, when he went to study in Moscow. He felt there "like a suspect intruder in a secret fortress rather than a foreign Communist in the first state of workers and peasants." Students of Soviet literature will note with interest the following remark dropped by Woroszylski: "One was . . . struck by the discrepancy between personal literary tastes and official pronouncements: thus many a work went unpublished and yet was appreciated in the writers' circles —usually non-political, often downright decadent writing." A body of works written "for one's own desk" has also been mentioned by Alexander Werth, for many years a foreign correspondent in Moscow. If these rumors prove true, more books like Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago* may be expected from Russia.

I have no room to do justice to the two other non-fictional pieces in *The Broken Mirror*. Leszek Kolakowski's "Permanent and Transitory Aspects of Marxism," with its spirited contrasting of Stalinist "institutional" Marxism and true intellectual Marxism, has been noted already in the Western world and severely attacked in the Soviet Union for its "revisionist" tendency. Jan Strzelecki, author of "Notes: 1950-1953," is another "deviationist," who preaches the heresy of "humanistic Socialism."

MAREK HLASKO's *The Eighth Day of the Week* is both a complement to and an illustration of the Polish literary revolt against asphyxiation by Communist totalitarianism. He is not represented or mentioned in *The Broken Mirror,* but he is today the most popular and widely read young Polish author—a personification of the literature that has freed itself from party tutelage. Twenty-six years old, he has tried a variety of professions and learned a great deal from life at first hand. His stories first attracted attention in 1957. For one of them he was awarded a literary prize by the Polish émigré magazine *Kultura.* He recently visited Paris and in interviews with French journalists spoke very irreverently of Socialist Realism, which most Polish writers regard today as a blight on literature, and which never has been anything but a euphemism for the party line.

The Eighth Day of the Week is an excellent short novel, a poignant story, both poetic and ruthless, of two young lovers for whom there is no room in the drab yet nightmarish world of present-day Warsaw. Free from all didacticism, from all propaganda, its substance is the quality of human love and the tangle of human relationships (besides the two lovers, there are some sharply-etched characters, not the least important of them the heroine's brother, Gregorz, who boozes and philosophizes). Nevertheless, it sheds much light on life in Poland today, where—according to Gregorz—vodka and exhaustion are the two things that tie people to one another.

Hlasko has been compared by some critics with certain American neo-realists. But he also reminds one, in his combination of poetic lyricism and ruthless realism, of some of the Soviet Russian writers of the twenties. Polish "revisionists" are often accused now in Russia of idealizing the 1920s in Soviet literature.

Hazard of the Sea

SEAMARKS. By St.-John Perse. Bilingual edition. Translated by Wallace Fowlie. Pantheon Books. 363 pp. $6.

Ramon Guthrie

ST.-JOHN PERSE, who under his real name of Alexis Saint-Léger Léger has a distinguished record as a top-flight career diplomat, is in his early seventies. Since 1940, when he refused the post of ambassador to the United States and was deprived of his French citizenship by the Vichy government, he has lived in retirement in Washington. It is hard to guess what his reputation as a poet would have been if his entire output of unpublished manuscripts, written throughout what must have been his most productive years (1916-1939), had not been destroyed by the Nazis. *Amers* (in English translation *Seamarks*) was presumably begun in 1946 and finished ten years later. He calls it "my last song." He further describes it, in the opening movement of the work, as "poetry to accompany the march of a recitation in honor of the sea" and as ". . . a great poem beyond reason."

To a certain extent, all of St.-John Perse's poems have been both "beyond reason" and beyond any of the usual categories into which poetry can conveniently be divided. *Amers* has neither plot nor hero — nor, for that matter, characters in any true sense of the word — yet it has an implicit epic core of august splendor. By its sensitivity and imagery, it ranks among the best lyric poetry of our time. The overall effect is of a tumultuous drama performed in masks and buskins.

In *Amers,* more than in any previous work, the poet reveals the literary influences that have helped to form him. There are echoes of Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Whitman, Rimbaud, Pindar, "The Song of Songs" and Valéry (his "Sea drunk with sea" sharply recalls Valéry's sea "ivre de ta chair bleue"). Yet this ultimate poem has an even more highly personal vision than any of his previous works.

For Perse, as for Rimbaud, the sea is a symbol of completeness and creativity and fertility, the element of total liberation and of the oneness of conflict and harmony; but, such is his gift for fusing the mystic and the physical, it is at the same time a very real sea in every aspect, rich with wetness and saltiness and all the varied smells the sea can have. In the concluding lines of his principal movement the sea emerges for a moment as love, the enemy and annihilator of death. "Lovers, the sea follows us. Death is not. The gods hail us from the port," he announces and then cryptically, as if to keep the identification from being too absolute, he adds: "From under our beds we pull our largest family masks."

It is a temptation to read meanings into *Amers,* even where almost certainly

The Pure Passion

The wind has hollowed me.
All that remains
is sister to the stones,
wife to the sky.

On quartz-bright rock
hot from daylong sun
I feel the bones and vigor
of the world.

Life beats in the lake
as in my veins.
My vision thrusts to sand
bent by gold water.

Green-listening pines
slant waterwards, reflect
into my eyes
my look of wakened love.

DILYS LAING

RAMON GUTHRIE, poet and critic, teaches French and Comparative Literature at Dartmouth College. His latest collection of poems is to be published by Macmillan this year.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

none is intended. For Perse, a poem's function is neither to "mean" nor to "be" but to *do*. Essentially he takes for his own Rimbaud's concept of poetry, as a way of discovering "secrets for changing life." "The modern poet," he says, "has at his disposition sovereign powers of conjuration." In the exercise of these powers, Perse creates absolute metaphors whose effectiveness owes little to reference. Such images as "the white bitches of disaster capped with gold," "the Black who bleeds our lion cubs," "the field of black poppies where forked lightnings anchor" offer little hold for exegesis.

Although St.-John Perse speaks of *Amers* as a product of the "hazard of the sea," it has a solid structural unity. The longest of the four movements, *Strophe*, is a series of masterly variations culminating in a dramatic crescendo. The final movement, an elaboration of Rimbaud's "la mer mêlée au soleil," casts a fresh light back over the whole poem.

ST.-JOHN PERSE is the only French poet who has ever lived to see practically all of his published work translated—and well translated — into English. T. S. Eliot's translation of "Anabase," while not at all points faithful to either the substance or the tone of the original, is a considerable accomplishment in its own right. As Eliot explains, the French poet collaborated in the work so much that "What inaccuracies remain are due to my own wilfulness."

If Wallace Fowlie's translation of *Amers*, though admirable on the whole, sometimes fails to have the throb and glow of the original, it seems to be partly because he has tried to be too specific and partly because he has not felt at liberty to recast Perse's thought as radically as Eliot did. For example, a literal translation of the second sentence of "Anabase" would be: "A man put bitter berries in our hands." Eliot changes it to: "Came such an one who laid bitter bay in our hands." By itself, Eliot's rendering here seems cumbersome and forced, but seen as a part of the whole it justifies itself. It establishes a perverse barbarian overtone that is in the poem, but which Perse expresses by ambiguities that would not be effective in English.

No matter how far "beyond reason" a poem may be, its translator is usually obliged to give it at least touches of "meaning." That is to say, he must choose among the many potential meanings or implications that lie in the original text, even though the poet himself may not have been consciously aware of these implications. When Mr. Fowlie translates "fauves" as "red lions," he makes a choice. The reader can (and this reader does) feel that it is not a happy one — not so much because "fauves" aren't red and because too many English pubs have pre-empted the phrase anyway, as because "red" does not fit the context at this point. But when he renders "C'est trop de grâce parmi nous," as "There is too much grace between us," one feels that he has made *no* choice, that he has put a loose, prosaic statement in the place of a sharp, poetic one, without considering whether there might not be some alternative that would at least reproduce the pagan twist, conveyed by his syntax in this case, which Perse gives to such words as "grace."

A Very Imaginative Man

AKU-AKU. The Secret of Easter Island. By Thor Heyerdahl. Rand, McNally and Co. 384 pp. $6.95.

Louis Dupree

SENOR KON TIKI (as the Easter Island natives called him) has once again written a fascinating—and in some ways, fantastic—book in an attempt to further his theory that the Polynesian Islands were settled by American Indians. In his previous monumental work, *American Indians in the Pacific*, written as a result of his famed Kon Tiki balsa raft ride from Peru to Raroia (eastern Polynesia) in 1947, Mr. Heyerdahl postulated Polynesian settlement by two waves: the first by a seafaring people from Peru about 500 A.D., and a second wave about five hundred years later by Indians from the Northwest coast of America. These Indians (according to Heyerdahl) had come originally from the Malay Archipelago and had traveled to the Northwest Coast via the north Pacific current. They missed all the islands of the central Pacific on the way east, but settled them later on the return trip.

Mr. Heyerdahl's mania for evidence which supported his thesis and his neglect of the bulk of evidence which suggested an opposite theory worried many professional archaeologists, who were afraid of what he might do with stratified archaeological evidence that did not fit his scheme. His work in the Galapagos in 1953, and now his Easter Island work in 1956 should set their minds at ease. All the surveys and excavations were conducted by competent archaeologists with no vested interests in his theories. Yet, although the technical archaeological work is of high calibre, nowhere in *Aku-Aku* does Mr. Heyerdahl mention what his professionals think of his theories. No

LOUIS DUPREE, associate professor of anthropology at Pennsylvania State University, has engaged in anthropological and archaeological research in France, West Pakistan, Afghanistan, Iran, Libya, Panama and Puerto Rico. He has published extensively in the scholarly journals and is now completing a popular book, The Land of Insolence, *about his experiences in Afghanistan.*

Between Worlds

"Wait for me," said spring; "I'll not be long."
But we grow old. How long till spring be come?
Spring said, "Winds change. See, the snow is gone
Yet you indoors say, 'North and death make one.'"

What should we say? As a sunstart strikes a drift
The blue like a door slams close again with snow:
Is that your promise? This is our belief!
"I come as I must," said spring. "I wait for you."

Come now—to stay. When we were young, the seasons
Could spin like tops or tell four classic acts
Of soul in joy, death by time or poison . . .
"That was your play," said spring, "a trick of clocks."

That game of hearts! Winter unwinding spring,
A fallen summer. We have run you down
And you must come or find your world unstrung. . . .
"I come in hosts," said spring. "You die alone."

LOUIS O. COXE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thoughtful anthropologists deny the *possibility* that South American Indian seafarers reached easternmost Polynesia in pre-Columbian times; they merely question Mr. Heyerdahl's enthusiastic conviction that the American Indian played a dominant part in the settlement of Polynesia.

THE purpose of this review is not to criticize Mr. Heyerdahl's facile prose. He is a gifted writer and his descriptions of the silent, giant Easter Island statues, the newly-discovered family caves, the modern customs of the Easter Islanders, and the visits and excavations on other Polynesian Islands are written in a style which should satisfy the most discriminating (or should I say non-discriminating?) taste. Mr. Heyerdahl and his colleagues have added much new data to our knowledge of Easter Island and for this we are grateful.

I do, however, wish to discuss Mr. Heyerdahl's final dialogue with his *aku-aku* ("guardian spirit," or so says Mr. Heyerdahl; actually, the term refers more specifically to the "Spirits of the Dead"), in which Mr. Heyerdahl takes the role of antagonist to his theories. The *aku-aku* defends the author against his own doubts and wins, dialectics down.

Briefly stated, Mr. Heyerdahl's (or his *aku-aku's,* I got a little confused myself) conclusions about Easter Island are:

1. The first settlers came to Easter Island from South America about 400 A.D. Mr. Heyerdahl gives a carbon-14 date of 380 A.D. plus—or minus—one hundred years. If the other evidence agrees with this date, Señor Kon Tiki would have done better to postulate an early peopling of Easter Island from the *west.* This would have been spectacular enough for the most romantic of professional archaeologists, because conservative anthropologists date the discovery of Easter Island about a thousand years later. Even Heyerdahl's friend, Father Englert, concludes that the island was colonized in the sixteenth century, A.D., but this is not mentioned in the book. Englert arrives at this date using the same legendary king lists as does Heyerdahl, who generally accepts oral legends uncritically as history. Recent linguistic research indicates that the dialect spoken on Easter Island probably became differentiated from the main eastern Polynesian language stock between 300 and 530 A.D. This decidedly contradicts Heyerdahl's thesis that the island was settled from South America, for it is almost inconceivable that the Peruvian Indians reached Easter Island prior to 500 A.D. and left no vestige of their language! Linguistically, the Polynesian dialect of the Easter Islanders is almost indistinguishable from that of the Mangareva Island, the Marquesas and of the Maori of New Zealand.

2. Mr. Heyerdahl makes much of the similarity in masonry techniques between Inca Peru and the seawall and *ahu* (temple) structure of Vinapu on Easter Island. The similarity is at best superficial, and nowhere in Polynesia (including Easter Island) does one find the typical irregularly cut and neatly fitted monumental blocks of ancient Peru.

3. Mr. Heyerdahl announces the discovery of an unknown style of giant statue sculpture. He did uncover many hitherto unknown statues, but the styles are certainly not new or revolutionary, in either technique or iconography. Mr. Heyerdahl is a very imaginative man, but then, few of us ever talk to an *aku-aku.* Most specialists believe that the tall stone statues which dot Easter Island are a local variation of the religion-plus-art mania prevalent throughout Oceania. They are similar in style to the wooden images carved in central-eastern Polynesia. The Easter Islanders simply used available raw materials to express themselves.

4. Even the botanical and racial evidences, so conclusive to Mr. Heyerdahl, are open to various interpretations. What is a possibility to him on one page becomes a probability on the next and a fact before the end of the chapter.

And so on. Space limitations prevent a point-by-point rebuttal.

Heyerdahl ignores the fact that the total cultural pattern of Easter Island points to a central-eastern Polynesian origin. Since the Dutch Admiral Roggeveen "discovered" the island in 1722, European travelers have repeatedly reported these traits in detail. They include: tattooing, gardening (sweet potato, yam, banana, taro), domesticated chickens, *tapa* (bark cloth), intertribal warfare, ritual cannibalism, a highly stratified clan and kin system, dugout canoes, *ad infinitum.* Even the *ahu* platforms are simply local variations of the *marae* structures of eastern Polynesia.

FOR those who wish a soberer discussion of the "secret" of Easter Island (while awaiting the final report of Heyerdahl's archaeologists), I recommend Professor Alfred Metraux's *Easter Island* (1957), or the summary article of Professor Marshall D. Sahlins in the *American Anthropologist* 57:5 (1955), "Esoteric efflorescence in Easter Island," which, despite its esoteric title, is a straightforward presentation of overwhelming evidence contrary to Mr. Heyerdahl's controversial theses.

I'm afraid the only way to get the

"Against missile madness, for nuclear sanity and peace"...

SURVIVAL

The new, fighting weekly ● exposing cold-war monkeyshines ● bringing news of the world-wide peace movement ● and analyzing press-TV-radio "megadeath" propaganda.

"All in favor of staying alive" ↓

Mail Coupon Today

SURVIVAL, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York 10

Enter my subscription to start at once:

☐ One Year—$4.00 ☐ Six Months—$2.00

☐ Thirteen-Week Trial—$1.00

(Tabloid format—4 pages 8½" x 11")

☐ I enclose cash or check herewith

☐ I will remit on receipt of bill

Name .....
(Please print)

Address .....

City ..... Zone..... State .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public back on the right migration path, and enable anthropologists to point confidently and say, "they went thataway!" is for a competent anthropologist to organize (which includes the difficult task of raising funds) a counter expedition, which would follow the probable lines of migration from central Polynesia to the Marquesas to Easter Island to Peru, using accurate models of the large, sailing dugout canoe of the Polynesian seafarers. Money, anyone?

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

A GREAT deal has been, and will continue to be, written about the brilliance of the New York City Ballet and its Artistic Director, George Balanchine. When I saw the company recently, just after its return from a grueling Far-Eastern tour and when it was working with an ensemble partially denuded of leading dancers, I was more than ever impressed by the organic life which animates this group, and its quality of aesthetic, technical, and institutional continuity. I do not believe, at this point, that anything save losing the directorships of George Balanchine and Lincoln Kirstein could cause the company to evaporate, as ballet ensembles are wont to do.

Certainly, cataclysms have already struck it, if one considers the recent tragic loss to the company of Tanaquil Le Clercq; the absence, this fall season, of such dancers as Maria Tallchief, Diana Adams and Yvonne Mounsey; and the permanent loss of Robert Barnett and Herbert Bliss. Nor was the resignation of conductor Leon Barzin a small blow. And yet the company survives; excites and satisfies. Minor soloists are developed into prima ballerinas; young dancers feed up into the open spaces. And in the midst of change, the company goes on providing the most intelligent, stylish and important dancing to be seen anywhere.

As an ensemble, the New York City Ballet is in splendid condition. Everything has the look of having been vigorously rehearsed and then played to the point where easiness and relaxation could take over. True, the quality of almost cool precision which is the company's trademark, and which has been cause both for amazement and for "anti-athletic" grumbling by some European audiences, was not to be seen on the evening I attended. But that quality, after all, characterizes the company at an almost unbelievable height of excellence — a height reached often, but not always. At the moment, the company is dancing in a less angular fashion. And this has its own charm. In an intricate work such as the *Symphony in C* (Bizet), for example, where solos, *pas de deux,* and ensemble formations interlace, with invention surpassing invention from beginning to end, it is a slightly different experience to watch the choreography evolve with softness on its edges, rather than the strictly disciplined lines it has carried in the past. It would be wrong to say that one style is preferable to the other. Both are authentic and lovely. And I was impressed once more by the observation that Balanchine's compositions, for all their formality and incisiveness of thought, possess enough robustness and flexibility to support different interpretations.

Jacques d'Amboise, Melissa Hayden and Nicholas Magallanes were the leading dancers on the program I attended. The first ballet, *Con Amore,* with choreography by Lew Christensen, is a romp, its ridiculous overlapping of amorous non sequiturs giving an almost Dada wackiness to the whole. Except for Jacques d'Amboise, who seemed to be modeling his role after Jackie Gleason, everyone danced with refinement and comic accuracy. The little cadre which played the second scene, "The Master's Return" (Roland Vasquez, Marian Horosko, Robert Lindgren, William Weslow, and Edward Vilella), was responsible for pointed and hilarious characterizations.

The Balanchine *Waltz-Scherzo (Pas de Deux),* given its premiere on this occasion by Patricia Wilde and André Eglevsky, turned out to be a pretty trifle, less stimulating than other Balanchine creations in this tour de force category, but deft and gracious in tone. The real excitement of the evening was provided by the Balanchine-Stravinsky *Orpheus,* in which there is a fusion of music, dance, decor (Noguchi) and story so perfect that it overwhelms the imagination. The Orpheus legend is moving in any version, but Balanchine, by examining with such profound sympathy its human relationships, has arrived at a more affecting and humane presentation than any with which I am familiar. I know of no ballet which evokes the essence of love between a man and his wife, as do the passages between Orpheus and Eurydice, nor any which portrays a relationship between two men with such virile sensitivity as does the section depicting Orpheus' trip to the underworld, led by the Dark Angel. The Stravinsky score, too, is a humane document; one of his richest and most deeply satisfying.

ON THIS occasion, Melissa Hayden was making her debut as Eurydice; Nicholas Magallanes danced Orpheus; Francisco Moncion was the Dark Angel. Magallanes, as always, projected his role with absorbing, lyrical strength and sweetness of contour. At this point, he hardly seems to dance Orpheus—he *is* Orpheus. Moncion was similarly excellent. Melissa Hayden, perhaps because she was new to her role, seemed less in touch with its subtleties. The complex movements of her dance with Orpheus on their return from the Underworld, were not totally evocative of the pathos and wifely sensuality which is their point. They were still a bit thin and thought-out, which gave them a scratchy tone.

In the *Symphony in C,* however, she was more beautifully poised and elegant than I have ever seen her. Every fingertip glittered; she seemed as weightless as air, and impelled by internal joy. It was a performance surpassable by no one.

I should say, in conclusion, that the reading of the Stravinsky score given by Robert Irving, the Ballet's new conductor, was considerably less vital and warm than it might have been. It was one of those performances which, because of a certain vagueness of interpretive thought, seemed to drag behind the metronome. It did not, in actuality, drag, but it sounded consistently small and cloudy. Since Mr. Irving made the score to the Bizet *Symphony in C* sparkle like rhinestones, I infer that he does not really lack interpretive vivacity. I hope he will inject this quality into subsequent performances of *Orpheus.*

Last Resource

For poverty
We burn no candles, sacrifice
No bulls nor radar-read their lights'
Obscurity.
Once we could
A carving bribe, or lucky pendant
With: Let off, we will be good
And truly repentant.

Stripped and silent
Now of prayers and holy hymns,
With quiet mouths and limber limbs
We await the event.

KATHERINE HOSKINS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Faces of Spain

(Continued from page 173)

"You have sold out to McCarthy," he said.

"McCarthy is dead," I said.

"Ha," he said, and rode off on his Vespa.

As for the supporters of Franco, one of them, the owner of the hotel where I stayed in Madrid, said that American aid didn't mean anything now because it was being given *"con presión"*— with pressure. In return, in other words, for the air and naval bases. A girl I escorted in Madrid explained to me that her father hated all English because they took Gibraltar from Spain, and hated all Americans because they were *"Los Dueños"* — the owners — of the country.

Actually, the many American businesses now in Spain are only allowed, as are all foreign investors, to hold a 25 per cent share in business. But the fact of their being there, and the fact that Americans live, inevitably, in the finest houses and drive cars, is the same sore point in Spain as it is all over the world. The American servicemen are less immediately obvious because they are not allowed to wear their uniforms off the base, and the large SAC bases (the largest outside the United States is at Tarrejon, near Madrid) are usually twenty or so miles outside the nearest large cities. But the boys do get in, and when they do, the boys will be the boys, with the inevitable conclusion by the natives that all Americans talk too loud and drink too much.

Perhaps it seems to some Americans that the foreigner's complaints about America are the wrong ones. I never once heard a Spaniard complain about American aid or American bases on the grounds that it placed their country in a dangerous position in case of a war and could possibly mean an atomic bomb on Tarrejon which could destroy Madrid. But in Spain the very concept of an atomic bomb seems a bit inconceivable — something for those interesting foreign columns in the press about flying to the moon, which have no relation to daily life.

But again, I shiver at saying "in Spain"— for it is big enough and complex enough to find material within it to fit any theory. I have seen no city so modern and luxurious as Madrid, with its swarm of modern buildings (including the two tallest in Europe), its tree and cafe-lined boulevards studded with plazas of sparkling fountains. And yet I have seen no slum so hopeless as Madrid's Vallecos, which makes East Harlem seem rather plush. There, in the rising hills that border the city, is a human hive composed of tiny block houses of brick and plaster painted white with burlap sacks for doors, and roofs of branches and sometimes canvas weighted down with stones. In the hillside itself, dug out of the earth, are cave-dwellings reinforced with bricks and branches. Most of these huts and cave shelters are too low to stand up in. The houses are usually four of five feet high, and about ten feet square. Its paths are peopled with children half-clothed or naked, their bodies bloated with hunger; women with water jugs, donkeys carrying coal and wood. In the back of a row of the huts a woman was throwing what garbage she had in a community pit, and a young, pretty-faced girl was waiting to pick among it for bits of food. From here you can turn and see the finest view of modern Madrid, with its white, new apartments and its steeples and towers — but from here it is only a mirage.

THE VISITOR who chances to see such sights as Vallecos — and they are always there to be seen — often shakes his head and chalks it up as further evidence of the curse of Franco. But if the people themselves are not so quick to rise in anguish against these conditions perhaps it is because these are often the only conditions they have ever known. Slums like Vallecos are nothing new, and in many places throughout the country are said to be less widespread than ever before. When a worker from Seville took me out to visit a family he knew in a working-class neighborhood of that city, and we met the young father with a wife and child who earned 36 pese-

RUSSELL KIRK
Author of *The Conservative Mind*
is now editing *MODERN AGE:*
A CONSERVATIVE REVIEW
Quarterly—$3.00 a year
"Speaks out forthrightly"—*London Times*
FREE COPY ON REQUEST
Write Foundation for Foreign Affairs, Inc.
64 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.

AUTHORS WANTED BY N. Y. PUBLISHER

New York, N. Y.—One of the nation's largest book publishers is seeking manuscripts of all types—fiction, non-fiction, poetry. Special attention to new writers. If your work is ready for publication, send for booklet No. 103—It's free. Vantage Press, Inc., 120 West 31st Street, New York 1, New York.

$1600 CASH Awards plus 40% royalty. All types of manuscripts invited. **Best Book Contest for 1958**

For Contest rules and details of famous publishing plan, write for Brochure N.
Pageant Press, 101 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 3

Free to WRITERS seeking a book publisher

Two fact-filled, illustrated brochures tell how to publish your book, get 40% royalties, national advertising, publicity and promotion. Free editorial appraisal. Write Dept. NA-9
Exposition Press / 386 4th Ave., N.Y. 16

The Best Way To Get *The Nation*

THE NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York 14

☐ One Year, $8
☐ Two Years, $14
☐ Three Years, $20
☐ 6 Months, $4

☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed

(Canadian and Foreign Postage $1 a year extra)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

9-27-58

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RECORDINGS

SAVE ON ALL LP's

- Factory Fresh
- Including hard to get items
- Fast Service • Careful Packing

Write for free catalogue

DISCOUNT RECORD SERVICE
Box 175, Radio City Sta., N. Y. 19

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS

Complete Personality Analysis from Your Handwriting
Fee $5.00
ALFRED KANFER
62 Leroy St., New York 14, N. Y.
Endorsed by scientific authorities, hospitals, insurance companies, colleges, psych journals
Recipient of research grants

SERVICES

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS — economical, insured, household moving. Vans, station wagons. Any day, any time. **The Padded Wagon, AL 5-8343 (N.Y.C.).**

PERSONALS

LEARN WHILE YOU SLEEP equipment for experimenters. Full line timers, pillow speakers, endless tapes. Also books, languages, self-help personality improvement courses on record. Inquiries invited. **Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-TN Olympia, Washington.**

IMPORTED PORTABLE TYPEWRITER— Deluxe Features include 44 keys and keyboard tabulator. $129.50 value — **BACK TO SCHOOL SPECIAL $62.50 plus tax.** Standard Brand Dist., 143 Fourth Avenue (13th & 14th Sts.), N.Y. GR 3-7819. **1 hour free parking.**

WE DISCOVER off-beat islands for unusual vacations—giving all the facts; the best inns, what to see and do, even telling what beachfront property costs. Membership only $10. Write: ***Islands in the Sun* Club, Inc., 117 Liberty St., New York 6.**

Service for Our Readers from Our Readers' Service

If there's any book you want to buy (except paperbacks)—you can do so without leaving the comfort of your home. Simply let our Readers' Service Department do your shopping.

Here's all you have to do: send us the name and author and, if possible, the publisher of the book. We'll have it sent directly to you.

If payment is received with your order the books will be sent you post-free; if sent COD, you will be charged the regular price plus postage.

No COD's outside the United States.

Address your orders to:

***The* NATION**
Miss O. Le Pach
Readers Service Department
333 Sixth Avenue, N.Y. 14, N.Y.

tas (about 70c) a day from working on the highway, and he sat down to his evening meal of bread with sugar and oil; when we walked through the slums of tiny huts without heat or water or light, where the children played in a swamp-choked sewer stream; when we had seen these things I asked in innocence if things had always been this bad and he said with some surprise that "Things are better than they ever were!"

THE VISITOR can easily create any number of distortions by merely forgetting to set the poverty of modern Spain within its historical context. I read one report on the country which cited as an example of the "near famine" throughout the land that the peasants in a certain city were living mainly on lentils. It was true; but it was also true that they had been living mainly on lentils for the past five hundred years. And all of these neat little anecdotes are easy to "verify," for Spain, in its hugeness and variety, not only provides you with any type of anecdote you want, but any type of statistic you want. You can cite the U.N. Economic Commission for Europe report that the Spanish workers have a standard of living 10-30 per cent lower than before the Civil War; or, if you are so inclined, you can cite the First National City Bank report that the real income of Spaniards is 25 per cent higher than before the Civil War. The only sure thing is that in Spain you can find a poverty that is matched only in the Middle East, and that it is nothing new to the country.

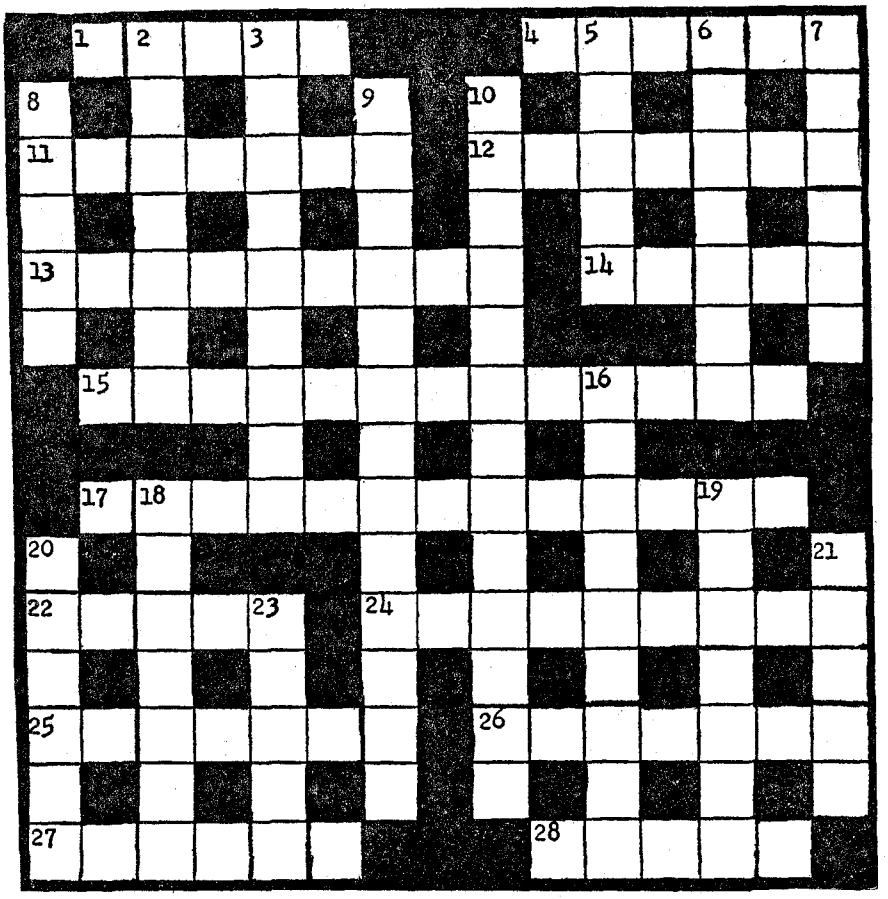
The landscape, too, especially going south of Madrid, seems very much like the deserts and dry, white towns of the Middle East. On the train from Madrid to Malaga, as we moved farther south and the towns became hotter and whiter and dustier, it struck me how much the country was physically similar to Israel—but Israel without energy, without hope. As our train stopped to huff and puff in one of those tiny stations and men ran off to fill their water jugs at the nearby well (for there was no water on the train for the fourteen-hour journey), the young man beside me who was going home to Seville on vacation from his job as a seaman shook his head as we looked out the window and said, "This country, you will see, is more backward than any country in Europe. I have been in France and Italy, but this is the most backward. I am a Spaniard, but still I say it." We began to move forward again, the engine groaning, then picking up speed as we swayed through the landscape, past the walled cities and occasional castles that seemed undisturbed for centuries. As the seaman beside me pointed out a castle on the rise of a hill, he asked, "Do you know our history? We have a great, rich history. But that is all we have now — nothing more."

BUT THIS is still a lot, for no history is as violent or rich or dramatic as the history of Spain, and yet, ironically, I have seen no country which seems so essentially unchanged by its history. Perhaps, after all, it is only we tourists who believe in history anyway. For the people, history is tragedy, and in Spain above all places it is hard to forget, for everywhere you go you are met by beggars who are more bizarrely and hopelessly maimed than any you have seen before, and as you walk the streets of any city those sightless citizens who sell the tickets for "The Lottery of the Blind" serenade you with the constant chant, *"Para Hoy, Para Hoy* —For Today, For Today," and you know that today was no different than yesterday and doubt that it will be any different tomorrow. Just before I left the country I went to a great *corrida* in the town of Alcala de Henares, a few miles north of Madrid, and came out absorbed in the particular beauty and grace and magnificence of what I had seen, and then looked up as I left the plaza to see two men kneeling on a blanket who both had their arms cut off at the elbows. The stubs of their arms were stretched out straight, their bodies making two human crosses, the crowd streaming by them as if they were monuments. I think they were, and I think they are as old as Spain.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 787

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A commonly clever sort of accent. (5)
4 Might be turned on a drunkard with the heart of a hog. (6)
11 Besides, a brother Etonian holds it now! (7)
12 Push out. (7)
13 Threatened to be left at the finish? (9)
14 and 20 down Candela would go straight up! (5,6)
15 Lots of bachelors will remember such dates. (13)
17 The imago of Hesperiidae? (The class has at least one missing.) (6,7)
22 A bad apple might bear the stamp of fencing. (5)
24 Picked by experts in almonds? (9)
25 What it measures might be relatively sound! (7)
26 Simplicity is not affected by it. (7)
27 Rather slippery eels in store! (6)
28 Certainly one of the better-known forgers! (5)

DOWN:

2 Welcome to England! (7)
3 See 5 down
5 and 3 Three p.m. there, it could be, at the capture of Jerusalem. (5,3,6)
6 Using our method, you can't help but find a type of connoisseur. (7)
7 Sometimes reputedly bitter, as one who might receive a pass. (3,3)
8 A public storehouse, yet a peculiar place to look for it. (5)
9 Does Daisy have to concentrate to make it? (9,4)
10 Casualty list, sometimes used by a grown-up 17? (4,9)
16 A rather bigger bore than a baritone! (9)
18 Strikes might appear to be the devil's doing! (7)
19 Truths were held to be by themselves, by declaration. (7)
20 See 14 across
21 He might lead the way, but his house fell. (5)
23 "Liberty Bell" might be extremely actionable. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 786

ACROSS: 5 Trimmer; 9 Timer; 10, 1 across, 23, 18 and 25 The Shades of Night Were Falling Fast; 11 Ebon; 12 Jerry-built; 14 Pistol; 15 Scot-free; 17 Infected; 19 Annals; 22 Calf-roping; 26 Prize crew; 27 After; 28 Legates; 29 Detects. DOWN: 2 Nimrods; 3 Gary; 4 Titled; 5, 1 down, and 16 The Wreck of the Hesperus; 6 Inhabitant; 7 Muddier; 8 Rose trees; 13 Concurrent; 14 Principal; 20 Aseptic; 21 Gnawed; 24 Earls.

PUBLICATIONS

NATION PUZZLE FANS!

If you have been indulging in Frank W. Lewis' weekly brainteasers, you will be glad to know that his early *Nation* output has been collected into a spiral-bound book, containing 58 puzzles.

Newcomers will appreciate the prefatory hints on how to solve these challenging egg-head stumpers.

For a postage prepaid copy, send $1.25 to:

FRANK LEWIS
702 Devonshire Road
Tacoma Park 12, Md.

Literature and Revolution

Leon Trotsky's 255-page book offers a lucid explanation of the attitude of the early Soviet government toward art and artists. **Our price—$1.98.**
Write for free catalog.
PIONEER PUBLISHERS
116 University Pl., New York 3, N.Y.

RESORTS

ONLY 50 MILES FROM N.Y.C.

GOLFERS! All the facilities of a fabulous country club (just 2 miles from **Forest House**) are now available to our guests. In N.Y.C. call at local rate:
FAirbanks 5-7227
MAhopac 8-8449
FOREST house
LAKE MAHOPAC, N.Y.

TUILAUVENT—Maple Road, Brewster 9-8106 N.Y. Friendly informal home atmosphere. No planned activities. Relaxation, reading, painting in beautiful countryside 50 miles from New York. Attractive sunny rooms. French cooking. Moderate rates.

HELP yourself to a wonderful Fall Vacation or Weekend. Picturesque setting and "great living" at this 200 acre Farm-Hotel. Sports. Deluxe accommodations. Moderate rates & delicious Jewish-Amer. cuisine.
IDEAL YEAR 'ROUND VACATIONING!
Booklet on Request
Vineyard Lodge Ulster Park 3, N.Y. Kingston FE 8-9624

Advertising Rates

CLASSIFIED
74c a line (6 words)
Three-line minimum

CLASSIFIED DISPLAY
$7.42 per inch (minimum)

The NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York 14, N.Y.
CHelsea 2-8400

Printed in the U. S. A. by RCR Publication Printers Corp., N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PRODUCERS THEATRE Presents
ROBERT WHITEHEAD'S PRODUCTIONS

HELEN HAYES ERIC PORTMAN
KIM STANLEY BETTY FIELD

IN THE Eugene O'Neill

"A TOUCH OF THE POET"

Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN

Designed by BEN EDWARDS

OPENS ON BROADWAY
THURS., OCT. 2
HELEN HAYES THEATRE
210 W. 46th St.
New York 36, N. Y.

PRICES — (Opening Night Sold Out) Mon. thru Sat. Eves.: Orch. $7.50; Balc. $5.75, 4.60, 3.45; 2nd Balc. $2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $4.60; Balc. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30. Tax Incl.

THE NEW MUSICAL

"GOLDILOCKS"

STARRING

BARRY SULLIVAN ELAINE STRITCH

WITH

RUSSELL NYPE PAT STANLEY
NATHANIEL FREY MARGARET HAMILTON

Book by WALTER & JEAN KERR* Music by LEROY ANDERSON
Lyrics by JOAN FORD, WALTER & JEAN KERR

Dances & Musical Numbers Staged by AGNES DE MILLE

Directed by WALTER KERR Settings by PETER LARKIN Costumes by CASTILLO
Lighting by FEDER Musical Director LEHMAN ENGEL
Orchestrations by LEROY ANDERSON & PHILIP J. LANG Dance Music Arranged by LAURENCE ROSENTHAL
*Jean Kerr, author of best-seller "Please Don't Eat The Daisies"

OPENS ON BROADWAY
THURS., OCT. 9
LUNT-FONTANNE
THEATRE
205 W. 46th St.
New York 36, N. Y.

PRICES—(Opening Night Sold Out) Mon. thru. Sat. Eves.: Divans (First 12 Rows Orch.) $9.90; Orch. & Loge $8.05; Mezz. $5.00, 4.60, 3.50, 3.00. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Divans & Loge $6.90; Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $3.50, 3.00, 2.50. Tax Incl.

ELI WALLACH MAUREEN STAPLETON

IN

"THE COLD WIND AND THE WARM"

by S. N. BEHRMAN

As suggested by his New Yorker series and book "The Worcester Account"

Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN

Designed by BORIS ARONSON

OPENS ON BROADWAY
THURS., DEC. 4
MOROSCO THEATRE
217 W. 45th St., N.Y. 36

PRICES — (Opening Night Sold Out) Mon. thru Sat. Eves.: Divans (First 8 Rows Orch.) $6.90; Orch. $5.75; Balc. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Divans $4.80; Orch. $4.05; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Tax Incl.

NOW at Morosco Thea., W. 45th St.—THE LUNTS in "THE VISIT"—Limited Engagement

"A TRIUMPH!"—Atkinson, N. Y. Times "A PLAY OF ASTONISHING POWER!"—Kerr, N. Y. Herald Tribune

PRICES—Mon. thru Sat. Eves.: Orch. $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.80, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $4.80; Balc. $4.05, 3.45, 2,90, 2.30. Tax Incl.

MAIL ORDERS NOW!

To avoid conflicts with previously sold theatre parties, please specify two or more alternate dates. Make checks payable and mail to respective theatres and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED